

Silver Screen

June

10¢

Printed in England



Bette Davis

THE GIRL WHO WANTED TO BE A LADY
(An Untold Story of a Hollywood Star)

THE
Greatest
THRILLS ON
EARTH

The World at the Dawn
of Time... Savage Cave
Men and Weird Monsters
that Stun the Senses...
The Heroic Struggle of a
Boy and Girl for Life and
Primitive Love... SIGHTS
... WONDERS... THRILLS
... Never Before Beheld
by Man!

So Amazing
You won't believe your eyes!
Hal Roach presents
ONE MILLION B.C.

with
Victor MATURE • Carole LANDIS
Lon CHANEY, Jr.

Directed by HAL ROACH and HAL ROACH, Jr.
Released thru United Artists

See Real Pre-historic Beasts of Bygone Ages...
Re-created and Filmed by a new secret process!

PN 1993
.557



• New Frock Coat of shepherd check, trim little waistline, flaring skirt, huge saddle pockets.

Her Chic "Frock Coat" invited His Look But Her Smile invaded His Heart!



Your smile is a priceless charm—it's You!
Help guard its loveliness with Ipana and Massage!

YES, a chic and charming costume can catch a man's attention... but it takes the spell of a lovely smile to *hold* him.

For interest quickly fades to indifference if a girl lets her smile—her priceless, precious smile—become dull and lifeless... if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

What "Pink Tooth Brush" Means

If your tooth brush "shows pink," heed the warning it gives and *see your dentist immediately*. He may find nothing serious. But often he will say that your gums are lazy, that the soft, creamy foods we moderns eat have denied gums the vigorous chewing, the exercise they need for health. He may

suggest, as so many other dentists do, "More work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!"

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums to health. So every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums... helping to make gums stronger, firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Start now with the modern dental routine of Ipana with massage to help make your smile as lovely and attractive as it can be.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

The Opening Chorus

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:
I love a trip. Harry Richman may love a parade, but I love a trip. And so when Warner Brothers assembled an eighteen car special de luxe train to take their stars and the local press to Reno to see the premiere of "Virginia City" (*I saw everything but "Virginia City," but for heavens sake don't tell the Warner Brothers*) I was the first to swing on to that train. And I am sure I should be encouraged to take more trips, because they bring out something good in me—a real achievement these days. For instance, under the roof of that Southern Pacific Limited were gathered at least a dozen or more of my pet aversions, people I have been ducking for years because I was afraid they might bore me. (*Of course, the fact has occurred to me that they might have been ducking me for years for the same reason.*)

Well, would you believe it, I "discovered" each and every one of them somewhere between Bakersfield and Reno and simply went pleasantly crazy about them. Take Rosemary Lane. I never thought I'd like Rosemary in a million years, but do you know I now think she is one of the most charming girls I've ever met. Beautiful and talented, too, with a grand sense of humor. And if the studio doesn't give her a good role soon, instead of giving them all to that prima donna sister of hers (*I mean Priscilla*), I'm going to make trouble.

Wayne Morris I always thought of as being on the dull side—you know, kid-dish, wet behind the ears, growing-boy stuff. Well, Wayne, I'll have you know, is one of the most intelligent young men I've ever met. And writes, too. He read some of it to me. And I think he's a lot better than a lot of people we know who get paid for it. His wife, the lovely, gracious "Bubbles," is going to be my favorite of Hollywood wives. She's so different from Hollywood wives. (*I couldn't give you a better compliment, Bubbles.*)

Now Guy Kibbee. If it hadn't been for that trip I probably would have gone through life never even giving Guy Kib-
bee a second thought. Well, Guy Kibbee, my friends, is the most amusing, the most entertaining man I have met in years. He told us stories by the hour, never repeating himself, never dull for a moment. Yes, indeed, I must have Guy Kibbee for Christmas.

I haven't the space to go into it now—you'll be hearing from me later as I want to do stories on each one of them—but I don't think I've ever met a grander lot of people than Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart, Bruce Cabot, Binnie Barnes, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, Alan Hale, and Cowboy Bill Boyd. I couldn't have been more pleased.

Liza

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

JUNE, 1940

VOLUME TEN
NUMBER EIGHT

Silver Screen

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COVER PORTRAIT OF BETTE DAVIS BY MARLAND STONE

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A LIFETIME LIVED IN A SINGLE DAY!

Vivien Leigh returns to you — beautiful, tender, appealing and talented beyond description — in a role which might have been created for her alone ... A girl whose emotions mirrored the chaos of the world around her ... grasping fervently, eagerly at the love that belongs to youth ... Robert Taylor attains new dramatic stature as the man who shares this absorbing romance with her. Together, they create an emotional experience you'll never forget.



VIVIEN LEIGH • ROBERT TAYLOR

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

WATERLOO BRIDGE

with **LUCILE WATSON • VIRGINIA FIELD**
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • C. AUBREY SMITH

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen play by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel

Based on the play "Waterloo Bridge" by Robert E. Sherwood

Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN



Hollywood Earfuls

Getting the lowdown on the stars at the studios, their homes and the gay night spots

HEDY LAMARR has shortened her tresses for her role in "Boom Town" and the stylists are wondering if the women who once tried to capture glamour by emulating her shoulder length bob will now try her new hair-do. Hedy still parts her hair in the middle for the new hair-do, but her hairdresser has removed four inches of the raven tresses. She still looks too beautiful for this world.

Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier now on tour with "Romeo and Juliet" have told their friends that they will marry in August. Both Vivien and Larry rushed through their latest pictures so that they could spend their vacation playing Shakespeare in Chicago and New York, in the heat of summer. Imagine, when they could be relaxing on the top of a snow-covered mountain. But Vivien and Larry are queer for the theatre, and they'd rather act than eat.

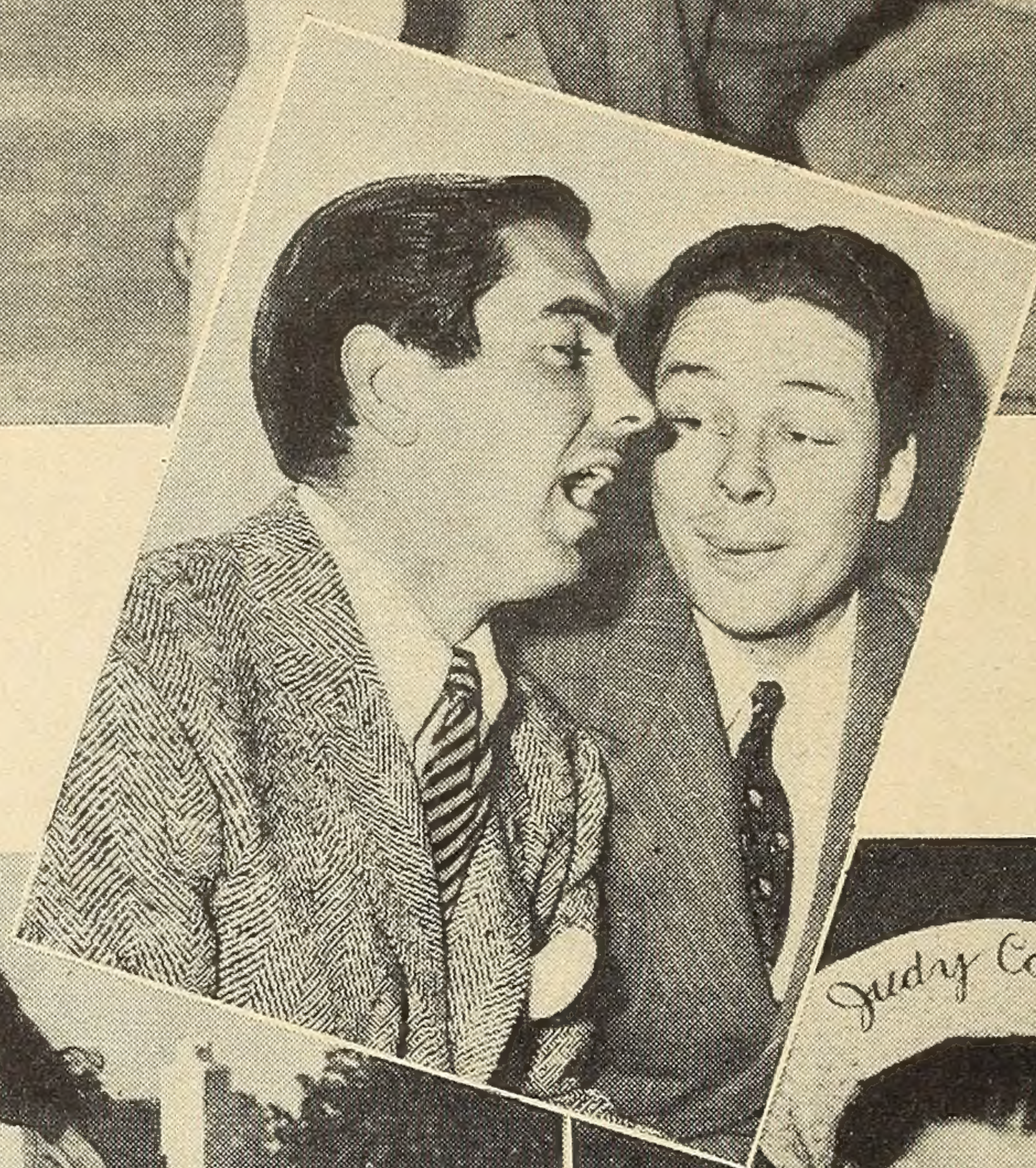
While her divorce is becoming final Alice Faye is stepping out at the night clubs with Sandy Cummings. Just wait until you see Alice, all done up as "Lillian Russell," sing Miss Russell's famous "You Are My Rosie, My Rosie Posie." That's something to live for.

[Continued on page 16]

Gloria Jean with her dad and sister Lois prepares for a bit of kite-flying.



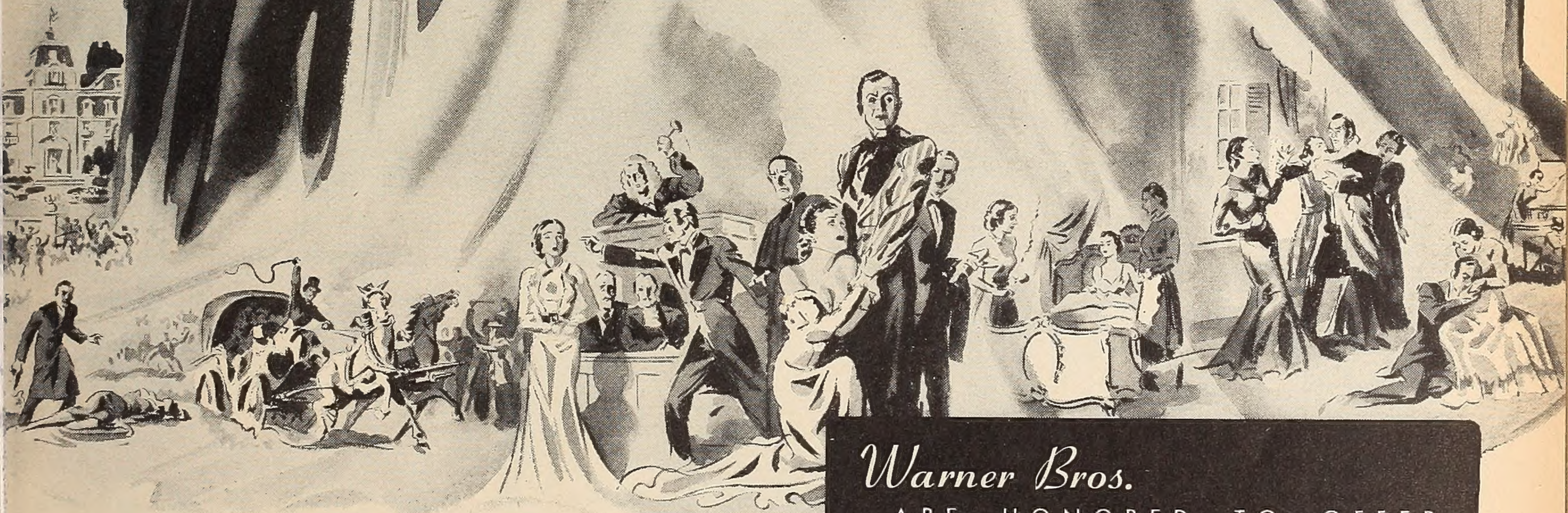
Above: The girls at Earl Carroll's get Don Ameche on the floor for their number, "Who'll Lace My Corset?" Left: Ty Power and Kenny Baker give out with a duet at Ty's home. Below: Gene Autry adjusts Judy Canova's bonnet at a party in her honor.



BETTE DAVIS and CHARLES BOYER

From the matchless pages of this brilliant best-seller comes a new chapter in film achievement! With all the incomparable artistry at their command these two great stars bring to life the deep-stirred emotions that burn from every exciting word of the story!

You'll say when you see her that "Henriette" is a role heaven-sent just for Bette Davis! And you'll know, too, why Charles Boyer had to return all the way from France to play the impassioned Duc. For so many reasons this is the drama to be ranked in your memory with the top-most of all!



Included in the notable supporting cast are
JEFFREY LYNN • BARBARA O'NEIL
 Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell
 Walter Hampden • George Coulouris
AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION
 Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner
 A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Warner Bros.

ARE HONORED TO OFFER

**'ALL THIS AND
 HEAVEN TOO'**

FROM THE WORLD-APPLAUDED NOVEL BY

Rachel Field

Tips on Pictures

The ones to see and the ones to miss!

BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO)—Hereditary insanity is its theme, with Adolphe Menjou as an incurably insane father and Maureen O'Hara as his daughter, who gives up her marriage plans to care for him, when she learns the truth. Menjou never was better and Maureen O'Hara establishes herself as worthy of stardom.

BLACK FRIDAY (Universal)—Boris Karloff plays the part of a doctor in this modified thriller, but without any sort of hideous make-up. In fact, he looks like an ordinary human being. However, to save the life of a professor friend of his, injured in an automobile accident on Friday the 13th, he transplants into him the brain of a criminal, also in the accident. The result is quite disastrous. Stanley Ridges, as the professor, is more effective than Karloff.

BLONDIE ON A BUDGET (RKO)—Although not as good as previous Blondie offerings, nevertheless, it has its happy

moments. Voluptuous Rita Hayworth makes a want-to-see-more-of-her appearance as "the other woman," who burns up Blondie Penny Singleton. Arthur Lake continues to be a convincing Dagwood.

BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN (Paramount)—Genial Jack Benny is forced to become a cowboy and you can just imagine the fun that results. Rochester, Phil Harris, Ellen Drew, Andy Devine and the voice of Fred Allen lend sparkling support in making it gay, tuneful and hilarious entertainment.

CASTLE ON THE HUDSON (Warners)—No organization turns out a better prison yarn than the Warners and this is no exception. It's tiptop in all departments, especially in its casting, with John Garfield, Ann Sheridan, Pat O'Brien, Burgess Meredith and Henry O'Neill heading the players. Ann Sheridan really does a grand job as Convict Garfield's sweetheart. The Castle, of course, is Sing Sing Prison.

[Continued on page 12]

If you're searching for spine tingles don't miss "The Human Monster." Bela Lugosi is head horror man in it, but Wilfred Walters, pictured below with Greta Gynt, is even more menacing.



Brian Aherne, Stanley Logan and Louis Hayward in "My Son, My Son!" which is excellent entertainment. Aherne's role of the father is his best since the emperor in "Juarez."

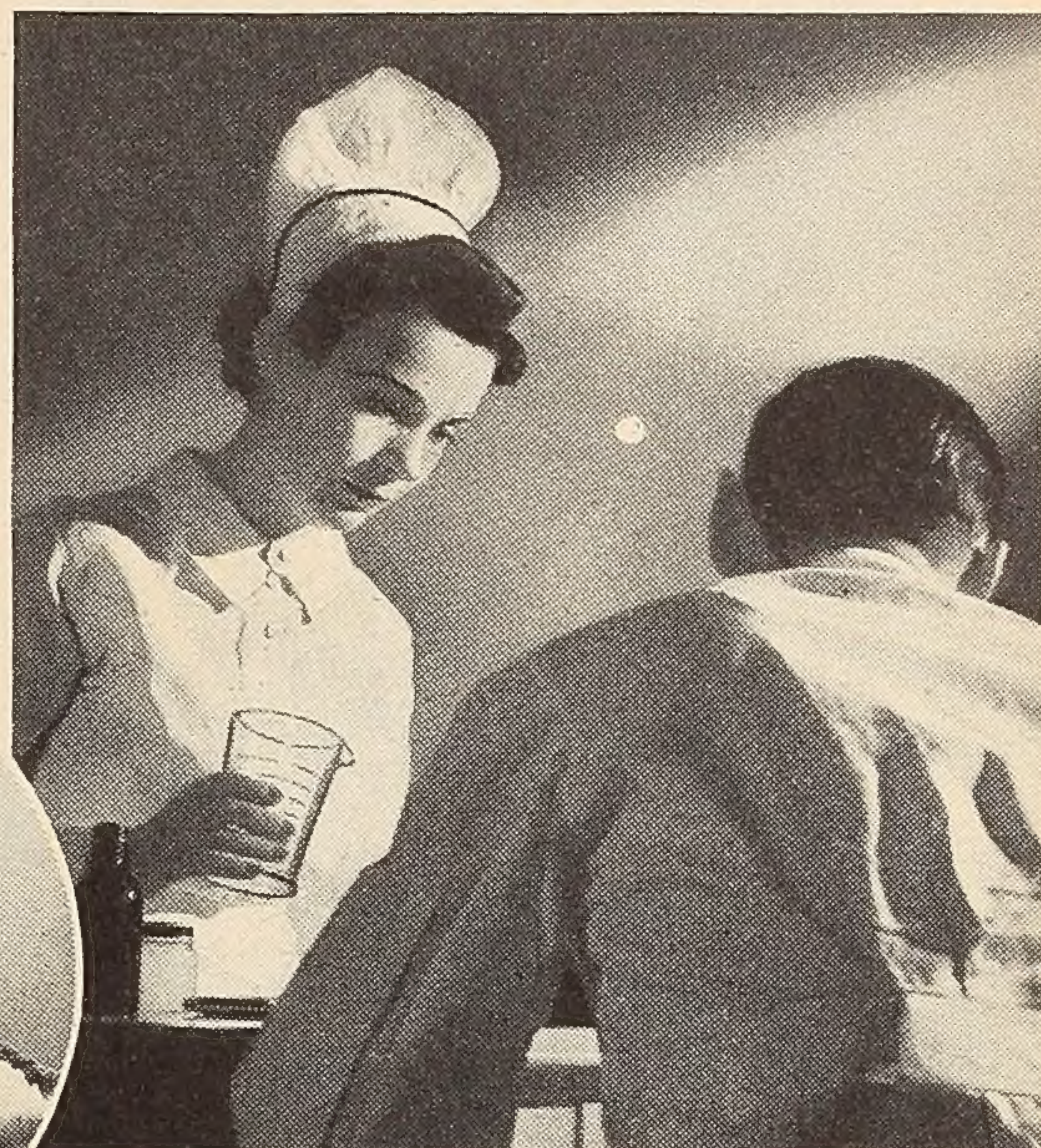
Luscious Ellen Drew and lucky Ray Milland having a tender moment together in "French Without Tears," the Broadway and London stage hit which has been made into an extremely amusing screen comedy.

"I'M FROM MISSOURI— and Listerine certainly showed me!"

says Mrs. Madge Purdy Van Cott, Jersey City, N. J.

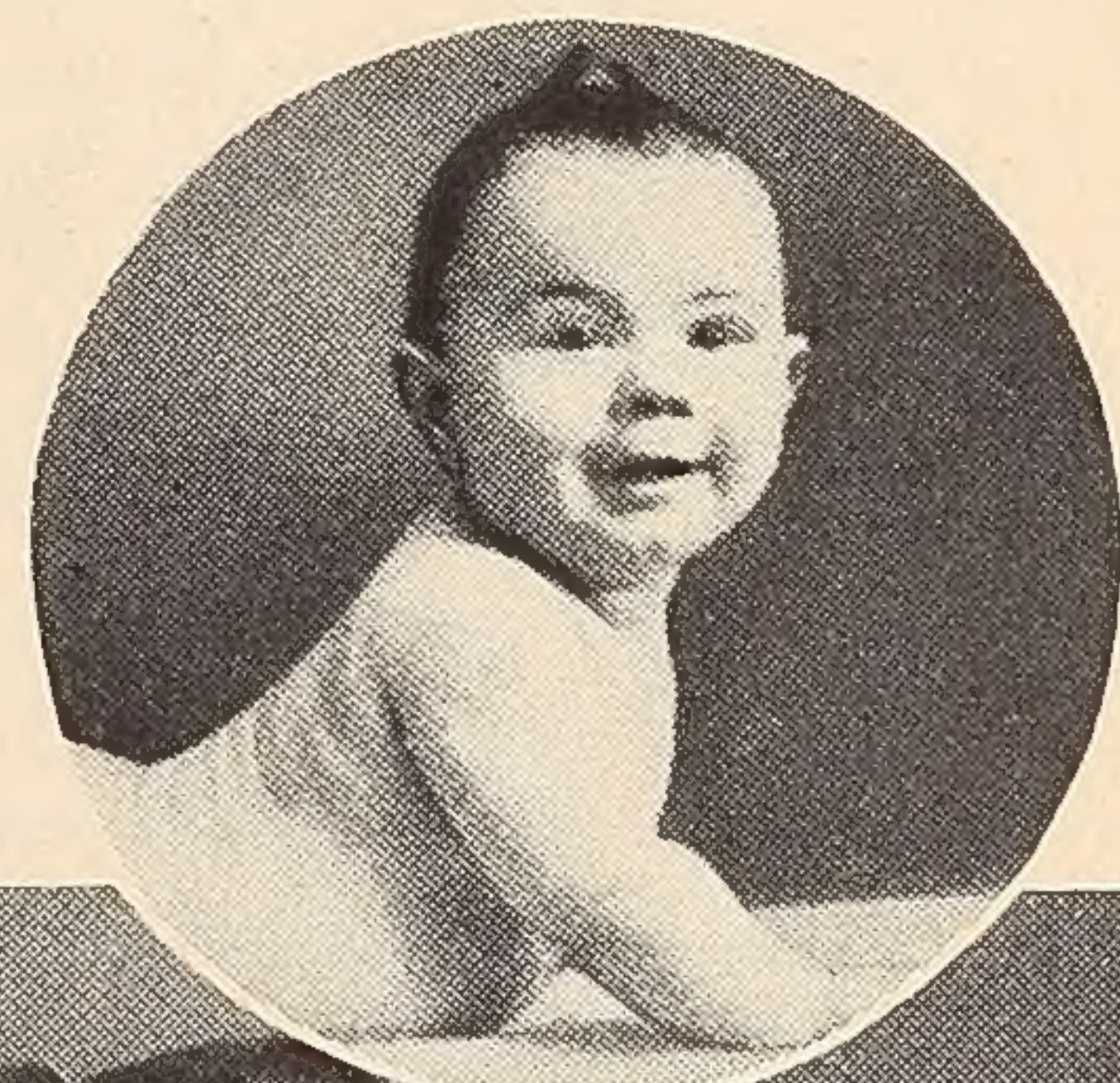
"I've been Co-ed, Trained Nurse, Mother . . .
I know how Listerine fights infectious dandruff."

1 At the University of Missouri, many of us co-eds used Listerine and massage regularly. We couldn't afford to neglect distressing dandruff flakes! . . . not with hundreds of glamorous co-eds in the swim for fraternity dance bids! What chance would a girl with dandruff have?



2 As a trained nurse, doing post-graduate work at a famous New York hospital, I first heard of the peculiar bottle-shaped bacillus, *Pityrosporum Ovale*—nearly always found in high concentration in infectious dandruff conditions—and how important it is to keep this and other organisms under control.

3 As a school nurse in New Jersey, I had the care of hundreds of children in rural districts. Scalp examinations were part of my regular routine. Time and again I prescribed Listerine Antiseptic and massage . . . time and again I saw dandruff's scales disappear.



Listerine, in Actual Clinical Tests, Beneficial in 76% of Infectious Dandruff Cases

If you are plagued by dandruff, so often caused by germs . . . if, in spite of everything you've tried, those distressing flakes and scales are still in evidence . . . *don't waste any more time*—start today with the famous Listerine Treatment. It is so simple . . . so easy . . . you can treat yourself right in your own home!

Simple, Delightful Home Treatment

Just douse the scalp, morning and night, with full strength Listerine—the same Listerine which has been famed for more than 50 years as an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle. Then massage scalp and hair vigorously and persistently.

You'll be delighted with the cooling, soothing, tingling sensation. And, think of it! . . . this wonderfully invigorating treatment is precisely the same as that which, within 30 days, brought about complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it in clinical tests!

Start Your Treatments Now

So, if you've been fighting a losing battle against dandruff, don't give up hope. Above all, don't neglect what may be a real infection. Start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's the treatment which has proved so useful against infectious dandruff in a substantial majority of clinical test cases. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



4 When I got married and my baby came, I knew how to help keep her scalp clean and healthy. I have shown my husband how to guard against infectious dandruff, too. I give him a vigorous Listerine massage regularly. A slight dandruff condition he had at one time quickly improved. He's never without Listerine Antiseptic now.

Checking On Their Comments

By Frederick
James Smith



LINDA DARNELL became a featured name with one picture. The movies do these things with the speed of a super hot-house. Extras into stars happen all the time. And they're always surprised at what they encounter. It seldom is as they pictured it. Says Linda:

"Where, oh where, is that life of expansive ease to which movie stars supposedly fall heir the moment they move into the charmed circle? On April 8th I celebrated my first year in Hollywood. No matter what else happens to me in the future, I'll always count this year as the most thrilling and important in my life. Yes, I'm perfectly willing to admit that I've been extremely lucky. No one knows it better than I. When I think of my good fortune, consider that there are hundreds of others equally able who will never have the same opportunity, I don't feel proud. I feel meek and humble.

"Where, I would like to be told, is that large and luxurious life I used to read about? Where is the leisure? Where the caviar and champagne and orchids? Not that I care for them, but they seem to typify what I mean.

"What I'm getting at is that my fancies and day dreams don't seem to agree with the facts. I've done less lolling and more work since I came out here from Dallas a year ago than ever before in my life.

"I've found that being a movie star is almost a 24-hour-a-day job and you can't let down for a moment."

* * *

Any job is hard work, say I, bestirring myself from a siesta beside my typewriter. You haven't encountered more than a fraction of it yet, Linda. Worries over roles, worries over what the public thinks, worries over criticism—they're all ahead. Only a few stars survive. They're the hardy folk, the Crawfords, the Davises, the Gables. The boys and girls who can take it. And whisper, Linda—don't feel too meek and humble. Those emotions never photograph well.

* * *

ISAT beside William Powell's bathing pool in Beverly Hills with Bill and his bride, Diana Lewis, and his pal, Dick

Let's see if the stars really mean what they have to say

Left: Says Linda Darnell, "I've found being a movie star is almost a 24-hour-a-day job and you can't let down for a moment." Below: Mrs. Bill Powell insists, "I think I can make Bill happy."



Barthemess. Bill looked very happy, so did Diana. Said the bride—

"I think I can make Bill happy. With any sort of break I know I can. I know that Bill is famous, that he has been about, that he has had his kicks from fate—but I think I can help him.

"Don't forget that I come from a family of old stage workers. Dad and mother were theatrical folk through the years. My sister, Maxine, has had her share of success in musical shows, on the air, in night clubs. I grew up back stage, I got my first real break in pictures back in 1937, but that came after false starts, hard work with the Pasadena Community Players, singing, like Maxine, with a band.

"I think I have a better chance of making Bill happy than a girl who hasn't worked her way up out here, who doesn't know Hollywood and understand it. Besides, I'll be too busy myself to be demanding. And, since I'm far from a star, that temperament stuff won't get inside our front door."

You'll see Mrs. Powell in Eddie Cantor's "Forty Little Mothers." You know something of the Lewis-Powell romance. They met at a studio party, they were married four weeks later. Remember, when you watch Diana with Eddie Cantor, that she has been a hard working little film actress for three years, that everybody out there likes her. Remember, too, that Powell is one of the colony's most popular stars. Then you can join Hollywood in pulling for their happiness.

BETTY FIELD is one of the film finds of 1940. You saw her as the high school charmer with braces on her teeth in "What a Life," as sleek Lola Pratt of Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Most of all she astonished everyone as the sexy wife of the ranch foreman in "Of Mice and Men." Betty, who has been on the stage since she was fifteen, thinks she can take Hollywood or let it alone. Because:

"That thing they call glamour can get you if you don't watch out. Get you in a corner—a nice luxurious corner—and keep you there. I want no part of it. No Hedy Lamarr stuff for me, no Ann Sheridan oomph. I don't want to be the idol of Princeton or of Harvard. I want to act.

"I don't want to be a perpetual ingenue, either. I don't want to keep on playing the little girl who inspires the hero to go out and do great things. None of that, either. I want to do things myself. I want to act.

"I'll have to watch myself more than ever in Hollywood now that folks have noticed me. I want to get some real roles. More like the bad girl who was strangled by big, hulking Lennie in Steinbeck's 'Of Mice and Men.' Maybe you've gathered that I want to act."



Declares Betty Field, "I'll have to watch myself more than ever in Hollywood now that folks have noticed me. I want to get some real roles."

"It's hard acting in Hollywood. Or, rather, it's hard getting a chance to act. The movies want to keep you pretty and charming. You have no chance to control your acting, unless the director and the cutter let you. Now, on the stage— But you've guessed that I want to act. Yes, I like the stage better. You're on your own. It's up to you."

As I write Betty is acting behind the New York footlights in Elmer Rice's hit, "Two On An Island." But she is due back in Hollywood in midsummer to play with Fred MacMurray in "The Duchess Rides High" unless plans change—and movie plans shift frequently and fast. A pleasant little actress with possibilities is Betty. But she shouldn't be too hard on the movies. I'm willing anytime to balance the acting of the New York stage against the acting in the films—and I'll stake anything that Hollywood wins. Even with nasty old directors and cutters doing their worst. Even with films knee deep in glamour.

SILVER SCREEN

over the tragic death of his first wife. The adaptation faithfully follows the somber book and is definitely one of the films of which Hollywood may be proud.

ROAD TO SINGAPORE (Paramount)

—Bing Crosby and Bob Hope obviously bring out the best in each other, because neither has ever been quite as enjoyable alone as they are in this laugh-a-second musical of the South Seas. Dorothy Lamour and Judith Barrett are the femme highlights and, needless to say, contribute unsparingly with their charms.

SHOOTING HIGH (20th Century-Fox)

—Co-starring Gene Autry with Jane Withers seemed like a good idea at the time, but right now it can be marked down as a mistake. The picture just doesn't click, not because of Gene and Jane, especially, but because of the story, direction and dull dialogue.

STRANGE CARGO (M-G-M)—A hard-

ened, escaped convict from a penal colony proves a fitting follow-up role for Clark Gable after his Rhett Butler assignment. Joan Crawford, co-starred as a cabaret entertainer, puts glamour aside for dramatics and you'll admire her acting tremendously. But it's Ian Hunter, as a Christlike man of mystery, who merits the most superlatives.

THE HUMAN MONSTER (Mono-

gram)—An English-made chiller-diller with horror-man Bela Lugosi as the master-mind behind a series of mysterious drownings. Hugh Williams is the Scotland Yard inspector who eventually outwits Bela. It's well done and you won't be disappointed if you're looking for terrifying filmfare.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE IRISH

(Warners)—No matter what your nationality you'll be genuinely entertained and rid of the blues in seeing this lively, plausible story of a retired policeman, played to the hilt by Thomas Mitchell. And you'll take particular notice of Dennis Morgan, as a young cop who marries Priscilla Lane, devoted daughter of ex-Officer Mitchell.

TOO MANY HUSBANDS (Columbia)

—A thoroughly entertaining comedy with such grand exponents of wit as Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas in the important roles. When a girl finds herself with two devoted husbands and in love with both you are assured of rollicking situations. Even a sourpuss should get a laugh out of this film.

VIRGINIA CITY (Warners)

—The great hullabaloo about this picture before it was released led fans to expect too much. It's not an epic, but simply a long, but fast-moving, westerner with action to spare. Errol Flynn, Miriam Hopkins and Randy Scott play the leading roles, with Randy being the most believable of the three.

VIVA CISCO KID (20th Century-Fox)

—Cesar Romero continues to do all right as the romantic "Lone Ranger," but such will not be the case if the stories don't improve. This is the thinnest of the series.

for JUNE 1940

Just a Pretty Stranger —in her own Home Town



**No girl need risk popularity! MUM every day
prevents underarm odor—guards charm!**

PEG couldn't help being envious—they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. So many girls who weren't as pretty as Peg, had dates. "I'll leave this old town, *then* I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go—if you neglect underarm odor.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odor. How much wiser to play safe—each day—with Mum! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor.

Wherever there is social life, you will find popular girls use Mum. And *more*

use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Laundry Institute Seal tells you Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too—even after underarm shaving!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent perspiration—but by *neutralizing the odor* before it starts. Get Mum at your druggist's today. More women (and more men) make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you "in right" everywhere—with *everyone!*

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



For Sanitary Napkins, Too—

No need to worry about Sanitary Napkins if you remember Mum will keep you fresh. Mum is so safe...so gentle...thousands use it this way!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Say It With Perfume



Interesting and invaluable suggestions about perfume, the compelling language which whispers a message your lips would never dare tell

By
Mary Lee

"Your dance partner will be inspired by fragrant curls," suggests Marjorie Reynolds, who always uses an atomizer for perfuming her attractive hair. Choosing the correct perfume for your particular type of personality is tremendously important.



Judith Barrett, Venus from Venus, Texas, knows the lure of lovely perfume. She puts a spray or two on ears, neck and hair.

THE girl or woman who is unconscious of the power of perfume is unconscious of one of the most vital human senses, scent. It is as important a source of attraction as touch, sight or hearing. You who have gardens or lawns know the poignant emotion that warm breezes, heavy with lilac, magnolia or roses, stir. You know that the aroma of coffee or food wafting over the early morning air is stimulating and zestful, and you know that the first great breath of salt air, if you are a landlubber, arouses the instincts of the adventurer. Each has its own power to stir some sudden wish, hope or longing. And so with the perfumes that may be ours today, from tiny, inexpensive vials to luxurious works of art, and including the creamy lather of your favorite soap, your bath accessories and even your make-up. Perfume creates memories. It adds a glamour and emotion to little episodes. And perfume revives memories. "To have and to hold," is, indeed, the promise of every lovely accessory carrying a trace of fragrance.

I have never yet talked with a star but what when we touched on perfume she became enthusiastic and very talkative. At the gift seasons, such as Christmas and Easter, the stars are extravagant givers of perfume. And whom can it fail to please? With the stars, the preferences are as varied as their tastes in food. Norma Shearer, for example, is particularly sensitive to lilac, because she remembers the lilac bushes in her Canadian home as a child. Irene Dunne likes the scent of orchid, because once when she was beginning her career this exotic and reassuring fragrance saved her from a bad attack of stagefright. Gladys Swarthout, chic and charming, likes sophisticated imports. If you read "All This And Heaven, Too," you may recall that Mademoiselle Deluzy-Desportes used vervain, a variety

of cultivated verbena, on handkerchiefs and her linen. Shortly, you know, you will see Bette Davis in the screen version of that story as the dramatic victim of circumstances, Mademoiselle D.

Centuries have seen perfume play its dramatic part in the history of countries, peoples and individuals. You can witness the dramatic part it can play in your life today. For you will sense a reaction from the various perfumes you may use. Florals, as usual, are warm weather favorites. They seem appropriate; they are light, refreshing, lovely as a June garden. Then there are "blends," perfumes of many perfumes, as, indeed, they all are, that have a sudden exciting quality; there are those that lull and touch you as the hour of

twilight; there are those of mystery and those that are saucy, piquant and frankly impertinent. Perfume can invite, tease, tempt and hold. Some, in this latter class, and frankly expensive, are Ciro's Danger, Schiaparelli's Shocking and Faberge's Tigress. They sound like warnings if you don't want emotional embroilment!

To mention some of our favorites, that run the gamut from concentrated perfume to bath and body accessories, there is Cheramy's April Showers, as stirring, let me add, in June as in January. If you've ever been conscious of that first scent of spring in the air, a warm sweetness that you can hardly define, then you've caught the spirit of April Showers. It is a scent to constantly remind any male of your enduring loveliness. In April Showers, you will find bath crystals, eau de Cologne, dusting or talcum powder and a full strength perfume. Happily, these lovelies are not expensive, and all are, indeed, the fragrance of youth.

If unusual packages excite you, if you save lovely bottles and unique boxes for this and that, then the Eighteenth Century toiletries are for you. They're new and as different as day from night. There are something like twenty-three different luxuries for you, from bath powder to perfume. Every container is a replica of some Early American piece; for example, a vial of perfume is concealed in a cunning hurricane lamp with a little old-fashioned glass shade. For an Early American bedroom, practically every creation of Eighteenth Century adds a correct decorative touch as well as loveliness for the user. The scent is young, zestful, the true



"Foam baths perfume, cleanse and refresh," says mermaid Marjorie Weaver. Right: Priscilla Lane with Charbert's Grand Prix perfume in a novelty holder. If you save lovely bottles and unique boxes for this and that, then the Eighteenth Century toiletries are just for you.



spirit of pioneering America. The preparations are not expensive and are for sale in better drug and department stores. They would make a delightful and novel contribution to any bride's trousseau.

For carnation lovers, the Roger & Gallet Oeillet Bleu (*blue carnation*) eau de Cologne and afterbath powder are simply redolent of this spicy flower. A combination of these two will perfume you suffi-

YVONNE FOX, SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY JUNIOR, SAYS:

*It invites Romance...
that modern natural look!*

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Follow the *modern* trend in makeup! Achieve the engaging *natural* look of gay, young "collegiennes." It's *easy* with Richard Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder . . . the wonderful new powder you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

Eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin and the color of your hair. It is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that match and glorify the beauty of your own coloring . . . give you that modern *natural* look that men prefer!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, you'll find the shade that is exactly *right* for you in Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder . . . the pure, fine-textured powder that you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

See how *smoothly* *Marvelous* Face Powder goes on . . . how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbling for hours and hours! For *complete color harmony*, use matching *Marvelous* Rouge and Lipstick, too.

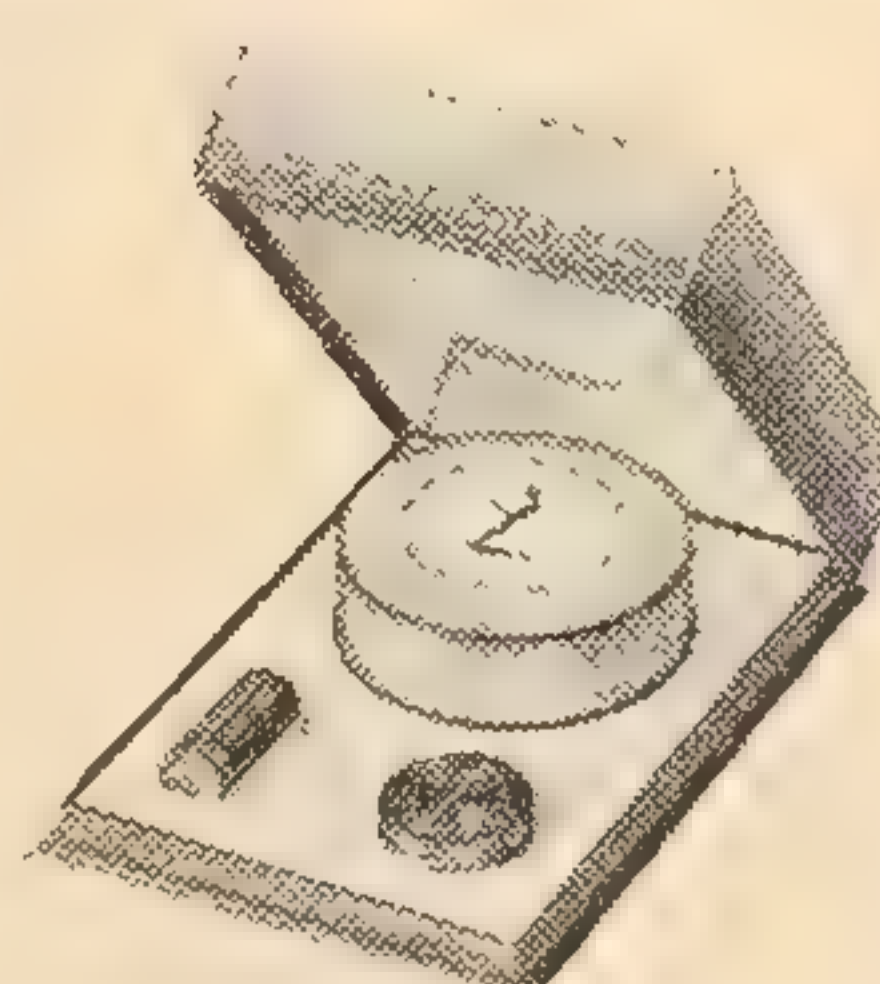
*Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. 65¢ in Canada.*



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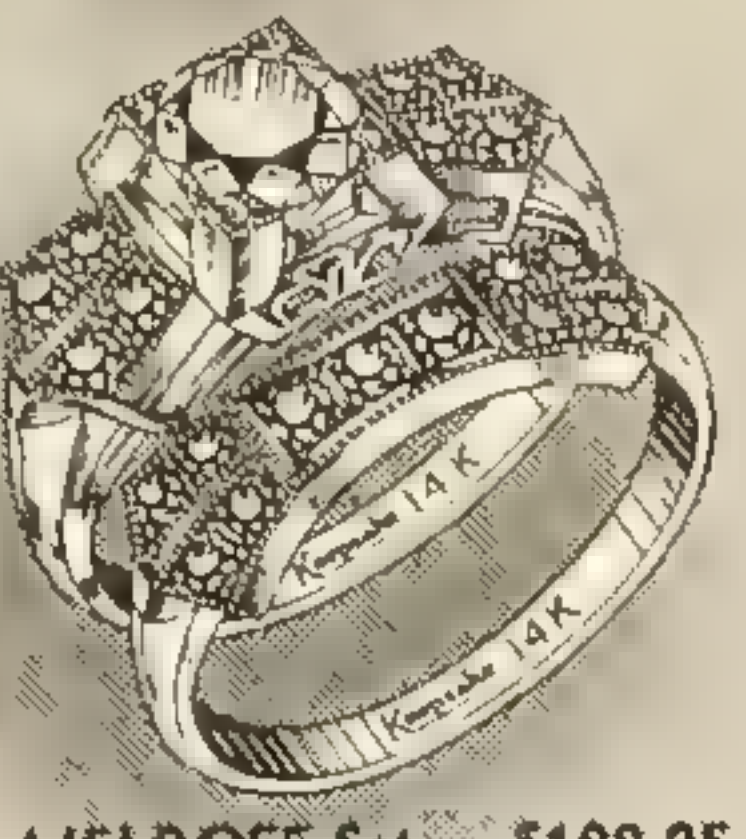


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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Has Helped Thousands!

Few women today do not have some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous, depressed lately—your work too much for you—

Then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help quiet unstrung nerves, relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache, headache) and weak, dizzy fainting spells due to functional disorders.

For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, rundown nervous women to go smiling thru "difficult times." Since it's helped so many women for so many years, don't you think it's good proof YOU too should take Pinkham's? Start today without fail!

Note: Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound comes in liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).

ciently for warm weather, and the carnation is a great favorite with the boys. Perhaps, this is the reason that of all flowers, the carnation is the one most universally worn in a man's buttonhole.

And while in our carnation garden, when your budget gets low, but your need for good perfume is high and keen, go into your five-and-ten and get yourself a little bottle of the new Irresistible carnation perfume. Use it, and I defy any friend to even guess that your perfume isn't rare and expensive. Irresistible has done a wonderful job with this carnation, and I've used it in the presence of very perfume-conscious noses who have guessed this or that expensive manufacturer. This is truly a case of the good thing coming in a small package.

Now and then, you may have an urge to appear sophisticated and continental, to add a little sense of the wide-world to your personality. Bourjois' Evening in Paris is the answer. Sophisticated, worldly, laden with subdued emotion, and yet light and joyous is this memorable scent. It has a "personality" all its own, and Evening in Paris fragrance is incorporated in lovely bath accessories and eau de Cologne as well as concentrated perfume. Again, prices do not ruin the budget.

And Coty has its "families" of coordinated fragrances. There is L'Aimant (*the magnet*), an unforgettable and distinct odor, not to be confused with any other I know. And there's Paris, gay and spirited, a breath of color from beyond the seas. Emeraude, sparkling, beautiful, a glorious symbol of the jewel from which it takes its name. Chypre, of course, is almost a tradition in perfumes, and its sharp, mystical and oriental aura is a sweet disturber. L'Origan lingers like a happy memory, and seems to me to bespeak opulent beauty. In these and other lovely Coty chains of fragrance, you find what you need from dusting powder to definite perfume. As you probably know, you can buy little vials or large de luxe containers.

To get fullest benefit, use your perfumes and accessories correctly. With a bath foam, such as that from which you see Marjorie Weaver emerging like a mermaid, it is usually necessary to place your

Reader: Would you like "to make yourself a new complexion?" Would you like a velvety skin finish; to keep your make-up intact for hours and to protect your skin from too much sun? Or give a sallowness a more radiant tone or cover little surface imperfections? If so, a three-cent stamp and this notice to Mary Lee, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, will bring you a little wonder-worker. Please check whether your skin tone is flesh, rachel or brunette.

foam powder, tablet or oil in your tub, then turn on hot water full force, tempering it after your foam has blanketed the tub in froth. Lave or spray an eau de Cologne, toilet water or any of the lighter versions over your entire body, preferably after a bath. But when you must change quickly with no time for a bath, this same procedure gives a sense of cleanliness and refreshment, plus fragrance. For freshening up in hot weather, apply this type of perfume well over your forearms, wrists and temples. It is effective here for perfume, and cooling and refreshing. Concentrate perfumes seem particularly effective on skin or woollens or furs. In all three cases, there is certain animal oil—in our skin or wool or furs—that helps the perfume ripen into its fullest beauty. In buying a new perfume, never take a whiff from a bottle and decide that you do or do not like it. You really can't tell this way. Instead, if there is a demonstration bottle, dab a little on your wrist, do your other shopping and in half an hour test that wrist and then decide. Then you'll know what you're buying. An atomizer is priceless for distributing well, for economizing with and getting the real benefit of your precious perfume. DeVilbiss makes fine ones, both for perfume and for eau de Cologne or lighter versions. The latter has a larger mouth and distributes more fragrance, as it should. These, by the way, make beautiful gifts for that June bride.

Whatever you use and however you use it, give thought to your choice in fragrance. Make your perfume speak for you, and thus utilize that powerful sense of attraction that so many of us ignore—that aware sense of scent.

Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 6]

The most fun we've had in years was watching Ann Sothern "take on" over the new Jimmy Cagney home in Beverly Hills. In Mrs. Cagney's bedroom is a huge rug which she made herself, and it must have taken years, it's that big and beautiful. Ann looked at it and said, "Couldn't you just eat it?" Then she showed her a rare old antique in the living room, an old blacksmith's bench, with nails in it and everything. "Couldn't you just eat it?" said Ann. Well, now you know what to say when you want to enthuse over your friends' homes.

Harriet, Clara Lou and Gretchen were having lunch together the other day at the Brown Derby. Who were they? Why Ann Sothern, Ann Sheridan, and Loretta Young to be sure.

Sidney Skolsky tells it: Hedy Lamarr dialed a wrong number the other day. "This is Hedy Lamarr," she said. The voice at the other end said, "This is the Prince of Wales," and hung up.

Henry Ford was so pleased with Mickey Rooney's performance in "Young Tom Edison" that he presented Mickey with a blue Lincoln roadster.

Ann Sheridan wears men's shorts in her next picture "Torrid Zone." Careful Annie, Harvard won't like.

Hints for the ladies: Paulette Goddard keeps her figure by drinking warm skimmed milk. She has six glasses of it served to her daily.

Vivien Leigh arrived at the swanky "Rebecca" preview with a box of chocolates and Larry Olivier (Larry is simply wonderful as Max de Winter). In the rush for autographs the chocolates were knocked out of her hand and the Chinese lobby was one grand mess of squashed chocolate.

Hollywood's latest wrinkle, introduced by comely Rita Hayworth, is hosiery made from the sheerest of steel thread.

All further bidders for Dorothy Lamour's sarongs—of which there've been hundreds, spread over six or more pictures—will have to content themselves with copies or nothing at all. "I've sent the one I wore in 'Typhoon' to an Arabian sheik to make a turban of," Dorothy announced. "Three to college fraternities, one to a museum, and several more to personal friends. And I'm disposing of the remaining sarongs in the way I like best. I'm having them shredded and woven into a rag rug."

The sheik who adores Dotty is Ghazi Khair, seventeen-year-old nephew of the Sheik of Amman, Transjordan. He loves her so much he has enrolled in the American school in his uncle's capital so he may write to his beloved in her native tongue.

Something new. Ilona Massey returned from a trip back East wearing a very simple coiled bracelet. She achieved the unusual by wearing the bracelet on a black dress, high above the elbow.

Under the auspices of the Tailwaggers, Academy Awards were presented to the Hollywood dogs this year at a cocktail party at the Grace Hayes Lodge. Bette Davis and Hugh Herbert acted as judges. Asta won the award for the best actor performance of the year, and won a beautiful new hydrant. And Daisy (the pooch of the "Blondie" series) won the best actress performance of the year. Of course, a little dirty work went on somewhere because, after all, Daisy is no lady, she's a gentleman, and had no right to that award.

The cutest couple in town are Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, young assistant cameraman at her studio. Deanna is getting a little annoyed about the gossip columnists predicting marriage dates—all different—for her. She thinks a girl ought to have a B.F. with whom she can dance and go to movies, without everybody shouting orange blossoms. Paul is her boy friend all right, she admits with a smile, but marriage is something else again. "Mr. Pasternak won't even let me get married in my pictures," says Deanna.

One of the excitements at *Ciro's* the other evening was Margaret Sullavan's appearance sporting her brand new hair style, which had all the women wondering if they could copy it and look that young. Maggie's new hair-do has as its inspiration the Dutch bobs of another era. The bangs swirl with natural sweep. The ends of the hair curl upward, or inward, at will. Try it. But you may not look like Margaret Sullavan. You may just look like hell.

Joan Crawford's two famous dachshunds will make their film debut with her in "Susan and God."

for JUNE 1940

Lady Esther says "Do you know that a GLAMOROUS NEW SKIN is 'ABOUT to be BORN' to you?"



Why let your new skin look dull and drab? It can bring you new beauty if you help remove those tiny, menacing flakes of older skin!

RIGHT NOW your old skin is departing in almost invisible, worn-out flakes. Why let these tiny flakes menace your loveliness? Why not help your *new skin* bring new youthfulness to you?

You can, says Lady Esther, if only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove those tiny flakes of worn-out skin beclouding the glory of your new skin!

Run your fingertips over your face now. Do you feel little rough spots left by your old, dry skin? They're the thieves that steal your loveliness—make you look older! My 4-Purpose Cream loosens each tiny flake—and the other impurities. It helps Nature refine your pores—and reveal the fresh youthfulness of your "new-born skin"!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask him about so-called skin foods—about hormones and vitamins. I'll be amazed if your doctor tells you that vitamin deficiencies should be remedied by your *face cream*.

But ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't *absolutely true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities and worn-out flakes of older skin... that it helps Nature refine your pores... and thus brings beauty to your new-born skin!

Accept Lady Esther's 7-Day Tube **FREE!**



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (56)
LADY ESTHER, 7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, postpaid. (Offer limited to one per family.)

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

\$3,000.00 "LILLIAN RUSSELL" CONTEST

Mark these TRUE or FALSE:

Fans! Here is your chance to win One Thousand Dollars—or any of 132 other big cash prizes! It's easy! It's fun! The glamorous, fascinating beauty, whose life and loves soon will be seen in the spectacular 20th Century-Fox picture, "Lillian Russell," inspired this Contest! All you have to do is check as True or False the statements in the column at the right. Then write a letter of not more than 50 words on the subject:

"WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

Be sure to send in your True or False List with your letter to 20th Century-Fox—and you can be one of the many winners! Read carefully the Contest Rules below ... and start immediately!

EASY TO WIN!



CUT ALONG THIS LINE

YOUR NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

ATTACH THIS TO YOUR LETTER ON
"WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS
AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

1 Lillian Russell was called "The Most Beautiful Woman in America."

True ☐ False ☐

2 "Diamond Jim" Brady was Lillian Russell's ardent admirer and showered her with costly jewels.

True ☐ False ☐

3 Lillian Russell was given a kingdom by the Maharajah of Rahndigoor.

True ☐ False ☐

4 Lillian Russell's exciting life and loves will be seen in a motion picture made by Darryl F. Zanuck.

True ☐ False ☐

5 Lillian Russell was discovered by the famous showman, Tony Pastor, when he heard her sing.

True ☐ False ☐

6 The pavement outside Lillian Russell's home was studded with diamonds and rubies. True ☐ False ☐

7 Lillian Russell was the daughter of a President of the United States.

True ☐ False ☐

8 Celebrated New York men-about-town returned to the theatre week after week to see and applaud Lillian Russell. True ☐ False ☐

9 Alice Faye will portray Lillian Russell in a motion picture soon to be released by 20th Century-Fox.

True ☐ False ☐

10 Lillian Russell wore a wondrous evening gown woven entirely of rare butterfly wings. True ☐ False ☐

SS



133
PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE \$1,000.00

2nd PRIZE \$500.00

3rd PRIZE \$250.00

5 PRIZES of \$100.00 each

25 PRIZES of \$10.00 each

100 PRIZES of \$5.00 each

EASY RULES!

1. Check the True or False statements in the space provided. Print or write plainly your name and address on the coupon and attach it firmly to an original letter of not more than 50 words on the subject: WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S No. 1 GLAMOR GIRL.
2. Mail your True or False List and your letter of not more than 50 words to the Lillian Russell Contest Editor, 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation, 444 West 56th St., New York. You can submit as many letters as you want, provided each is accompanied by a separate True or False printed form.
3. Residents of the United States, Hawaii or the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of 20th Century-Fox, their advertising agency and their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations. Contest closes June 15, 1940. All entries become the property of 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation.
4. Entries will be judged by the highest number of correct answers to the True or False List and, in the event of a tie, by the merit and originality of the letter of not more than 50 words. The decision of the judges will be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the Contest.
5. Checks will be mailed to the winners within a month of the close of the Contest. Anyone wishing a complete list of winners may obtain same by writing 20th Century-Fox and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Joan Bennett, her hubby, Walter Wanger, and Claudette Colbert at the "Gambol of the Stars" given by Associated Actors and Artists of America at the Grove. Do you suppose Joan will cut her tresses shorter now that Hedy Lamarr has done it?

Silver Screen

Topics for Gossip



It isn't often you see a combination like this on a dance floor, but Marlene Dietrich and Spencer Tracy recently exchanged dances of an evening at ultra-ultra Ciro's. Spence had been working steadily on "Edison the Man" and welcomed the relaxation.



Left: Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall at the Biltmore Bowl. Below: George Raft, Norma Shearer and Gary Cooper at the "Gambol of the Stars" at the Coconut Grove. Ever since "Souls at Sea," George and Gary have been pals.

THE writers who have been interviewing George Raft lately report that he has a picture of Norma Shearer and her two children near his bedside. "My family," says George pointing to them with pride.

Jeffrey Lynn wants to meet Ginger Rogers. But Howard Hughes seems to be in charge there right now. Despite the fact that when Ginger appeared at the court house to obtain her divorce from Lew Ayres, and was asked by the reporters if she intended marrying Howard Hughes, she snapped, "Who's Hughes?"

And Sonja Henie sailing for Honolulu on the same boat with Dan Topping, millionaire socialite (it had been arranged for days), expressed great surprise when the reporters asked her if she knew he was on board, and said, "Is he really?" Now girls, who do you think you are fooling?

Arline Judge, recently divorced wife of Dan Topping, and reported to have received a million dollar settlement, has returned to Hollywood and will immediately resume her screen career. Which will be good news to a lot of fans. As Arline, with a Goddard chassis, used to be one of the cutest tricks on the screen.

The other day a group of visitors, and stockholders no doubt, were admitted to the Paramount lot for a little sightseeing tour. Through the administration building, through the writers' building, across the lot they walked, and hardly saw a human being. "What goes on?" they asked. "Is it a holiday?" In the back lot they found the answer to their question. Paulette Goddard was posing in a bathing suit. She had chosen the most secluded spot in the back lot,





Laurence Olivier took this photo at the Academy Awards dinner. Left to right: Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who accepted an Award in memory of his father; Vivien Leigh (notice the love light); Olivia de Havilland and Jock Whitney.

Jitterbug Mickey Rooney was right on deck for the recent opening of Benny Goodman, King of Swing, at the Coconut Grove. In fact, Benny gave Mickey a lesson.



All the very latest news and gossip of your Hollywood favorites candidly

but before the cameras even started grinding at least four hundred of the Paramount employees had gathered around. That's what we call playing to a full house.

"Northwest Mounted Police"—the newest Cecil B. DeMille production—got off to a fine start recently with all the DeMille traditions in full swing. C. B., in green gabardine riding clothes with high brown boots, wore in his lapel a red carnation from Barbara Stanwyck—she always sends him one the first day of a new picture. And the visitors on the set included Mrs. C. B. DeMille, who is always present on the first day of shooting, and Anne Barchen, C. B.'s script clerk for twenty-five years. No one loves his traditions better than DeMille.

Jackie Cooper—and wasn't he swell in "Seventeen"—is quite the young man of the world now. When offered a part in a new picture recently he asked the age of the boy he was to play. "Sixteen," said the agent. Jackie, who is sixteen himself, threw out his chest indignantly. "I don't want to play any more children parts in pictures," he said.

In case you want to know what not to wear at a premiere of "Grapes of Wrath" I will tell you what Dietrich wore to the Hollywood opening. Most people were as simply and unobtrusively dressed as possible that night, in keeping with the serious note of the picture, but not La Dietrich. To meet the Joads; Marlene wore a gold turban that must have been done with wire as it looked like something from the New York

Helen Parrish entertained at a Sunday afternoon party before leaving on her tour with Ed Sullivan. Here she is with Linda Darnell and Peggy Moran.



Bette Davis attended the recent Academy Award dinner with an unidentified escort. Bette didn't win an "Oscar" this year, but she's already won more than she knows what to do with and so had a grand time.



An interview with the Dallas press and journalism students and willing to answer all questions.



By Elizabeth Wilson

unfortunately, personality so often rates higher than ability) to understand. Jeanette's voice lessons are as important to her today as they were ten years ago—and after all you can't sing in five different languages as she does on her concert tours without a deal of study. Why shouldn't she take her singing seriously? It is serious. Because she doesn't drink or smoke or hang out in night clubs some of her fellow stars would have you believe that Jeanette is on the dull side. But I must say that Jeanette with a glass of milk in her hand is far more witty than most of the Glamour Girls I have known who have downed their third martini.

Yes, some day I expect to go into all this and lambast the daylights out of the MacDonald belittlers. But right now I want to tell about Jeanette's tour. It's about seven-thirty in the morning, wouldn't you know, and the train is pulling into Dallas, and your favorite prima donna, who is supposed to live in a glamorous world all her own, far removed from us common herd, has gone disgustingly human on us and is kicking the seat in her compartment because she can't get her new luggage out from under it. Jeanette has a temper, she'd have to have with that red hair, and kicking is her best outlet.

Her most famous "kick" happened on the set several years ago when Van Dyke was directing her in "Rose Marie." Three times Jeanette did a scene and each time she felt she did it badly. At the end of the fourth "take" she decided that she was even worse than before (*she's her own severest critic*) so she hauled off and kicked a studio chair completely across the stage. The company gasped with shocked surprise, she had seemed such a sweet girl, and Van Dyke hastily called lunch. An hour later when Jeanette returned to the set she found that Van Dyke had had every chair on the stage nailed to the floor. Jeanette was convulsed with laughter. Kicking to Jeanette is what a good strong swear word is to most of us, and it never hurts anybody or anything, except the toe of her very pretty [Continued on page 60]



Above: Jeanette on the stage of the Fair Park Auditorium in Dallas where she sang to well over 4,000 people. Below: Gene did not make the tour with Jeanette, but lead the welcoming committee on her return. Gossip doesn't worry her, but it does annoy her.



"I'm a Harmless Vegetarian"

WALTER PIDGEON is one of the contradictions of Hollywood.

He is a family man who takes the business of acting with intense seriousness. Yet he never wanted particularly to be an actor. He is a singer who never sings in pictures. Yet he loves music. He is a fanatic who religiously keeps in physical form. Yet he never takes Hollywood's standard exercise, golf. Hates it, in fact. He never eats meat. Thinks it disturbs your system and your thinking. He believes in hunches. But thinks they're frequently wrong.

His size (*he's six feet, three inches*) has limited him somewhat in the roles he plays. After all, it wouldn't do to have a leading man towering over a short star. That would never do. Size, too, has forced Pidgeon to play a certain kind of part, worldly-wise, man-about-town, boulevardier.

"Not a bit like the real Pidgeon, I assure you," he maintains. "I've grown into a role. I'm just a fable. The casting director looks over the script, finds a clubman type, the sort with the inscrutable little Oriental manservant, and says, 'Send for Pidgeon.' Somehow, I've come to suggest midnight rendezvous in bachelor apartments, with subdued lighting and a suave manner with a cigarette case. Which, you'll admit, is all wrong for a cautious, harmless vegetarian like myself. Yes, I've come to be a film fable."

I think the strangest thing about this actor is that he believes life moves in cycles.

"It moves in cycles," he says with finality, "and there's nothing on earth you can do about it. Too many people waste their time and their energy bucking a turn in their cycle. Those people go down to defeat. The thing to do is to ride the riptide. Relax. Tire out defeat. Wear it down. Wait. But be ready for the next cycle. Be ready to recognize it and hop on when it swings by.

"I call all this my sundial theory. It's rather dull in the morning, the sunshine picks up by eleven o'clock, by two it's bright, then it fades. That's the way with cycles. They're as inevitable as time."

Right now Pidgeon is riding his third Hollywood cycle. Giving it a nice, rounded work-out, I might add. But he knows that somewhere in the distance he will have to get off and walk. He's preparing for that.

This summer Pidgeon is starting off with his wife on a motor trip. He will tour the West and the Middle West. He is

going to pick a home for that future day when a cycle drops him by the wayside.

"I'll be set and ready," is the way he puts it. "I want a real home away from Hollywood. At a nice, safe distance from the studios. Once you've been in the movie maelstrom, you never could be happy on the edge of the firing line, watching the procession go by. I want to find a spot well away from Hollywood."

That haven, of course, will be, as he puts it, "when things go to pot."

Pidgeon has been married nine years. He wed Ruth Walker in 1931. There is a daughter, Edna, by a previous marriage.

To understand Pidgeon, if you can, you must know his career. He was born in St. John, New Brunswick, the same town in which Louis B. Mayer, the movie producer, saw the light of day some years before. Mayer and Pidgeon, by the way, are good friends and the producer has been a kindly adviser through the years.

Pidgeon's grandfather was a sea captain; his father, Caleb Pidgeon, owned a chain of merchandise stores in Canada. Walter went to grade school and high school in St. John. His favorite boyhood memories are of sailing out into the Bay of Fundy and listening to old salts spin tall tales. Pidgeon still loves fishing.

Once he was taken on a hunting trip. Then it was that he shot his first buck moose. "A beautiful animal," he says. "I still remember how it staggered and fell. I've never shot an animal from that day to this."

Pidgeon went on to the University of New Brunswick, at Fredericton. There he excelled in college dramatics, was pretty good at soccer and hockey. He enlisted in the Canadian Army in 1917, served with the 65th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, but never saw active service in France. After the armistice, he went to Boston, worked with a brokerage house for two years. But he was restless. He began studying acting at the Copley Dramatic School, got a job with the E. E. Clive stock company. Clive now does character roles in Hollywood.

Meanwhile his voice had developed and he managed to get a job with Elsie Janis. He appeared with her in American vaudeville and in a London revue. Then, in 1925, he came to Hollywood under contract. He did a few pictures, but soon he was back on Broadway. He didn't land. The end of a cycle.

[Continued on page 62]



When you imagine an adventurous midnight rendezvous in a bachelor's apartment, don't think of Walter Pidgeon!

By
Frederick
James
Smith

His appearance and mannerisms have forced Walter Pidgeon to play a certain type of part—worldly-wise, man-about-town, boulevardier. "Not a bit like the real Pidgeon, I assure you," he maintains. "I'm a family man." *Extreme left:* He appears with Deanna Durbin in her latest offering, "It's A Date." *Below:* Showing a bit of amazement in the company of Kay Francis, who also is in the film "It's A Date."



THE *Iowa* GIRL FROM

When a Dubuque lassie can thoroughly fool the producers into believing she's London-born, she's got something and Margaret Lindsay most certainly has

IF YOU'RE not opposed to the movies and its people on constitutional grounds—if you follow their doings at all—then you may remember or find some interest in *l'affaire* Lindsay of some years ago.

It seems that Margaret Lindsay, a Mid-Western girl, found herself getting nowhere in the theatre fast. She knew that she could act, but she lacked the experience that everyone demanded. What was worse it looked as though there was little or no chance of getting any, for the simple reason that her accent was American, not English. And the English one, thenk yooo, was all that the producers wanted that particular season.

She had painfully shaved the bumps from her Dubuque, Iowa, accent, but was still a long way from sounding like Lady Cholmondeley (*pronounced "Cholmondeley"*) and that was against rule 76 in the Producers' Handbook, which states definitely that only English accents, etc. Oh, you could get work in some theatres with a plain American twang—that is, if you didn't mind the odd hours that went with the cleanup women's jobs. So. . . .

"One night as I sat fuming against the Producers' Handbook and rule 76, a thought came to me," she said as we entered a very Swedish Swedish restaurant. "I borrowed a quarter from a non-actor



Margaret Lindsay's last name used to be Kies, but she changed it while acquiring her English accent. *Left:* With Nan Grey in a tense scene from "The House of Seven Gables." *Right:* Margaret is athletic and plays an especially good game of table tennis for an amateur.



ENGLAND

By William Lynch Vallee

friend and wired home. The day after that, when funds arrived, I took the boat for England. That's right, I was going to get what they wanted—an English accent!

"I chose Harrowgate as being most suitable for my research which I promptly started, with both ears wide open. I changed my name from Kies to Lindsay and, as time progressed and I acquired an accent, I let it be known that, given the proper inducement, I could be persuaded to accept an engagement in the American theatre." Miss Lindsay told me this over her shoulder, as she rounded the turn on the smorgasbord table and started down the home stretch.

An American producer finally nibbled and she arrived in this country—for the first time. The play that he was working on fell through and it was for this reason that she accepted a substitute offer, a part in the movie "Cavalcade," which was made up of an all-British cast.

Let's peek at her background to better understand how she had the courage to do all of this. She was born in Dubuque, Iowa, September 19; no year given. Her sole reason for schools, from kindergarten to National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C., was to engage in whatever dramatic activities they afforded. She particularly enjoyed the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, because

they made no nonsense about cluttering up the curriculum with other subjects. The Academy people said Miss Lindsay was bound to succeed:

"Like fun," she said. The smorgasbord were finished and soup was on. "The New York producers wanted English actresses, not American ones. Speak with a Mayfair accent and you didn't have to know the first thing about acting. I could act, really I could, but, before going to England, when I spoke, Dubuque, diluted with Washington and New York, came out. They laughed," she grinned, "when I sat down to read a part."

Here there was an understandable delay while Miss Lindsay started at a gigantic mutton chop, a baked potato and a smattering of green peas. She also said hello to Ivan Lebedeff, the movie actor, calling him "Ee-varn."

"So you see I had to get what they wanted. And I went alone to England so I could concentrate on the matter at hand. I lived at small hotels mostly, because there I

(Continued on page 64)

Margaret as *Hepzibah* in "The House of Seven Gables," gives a flawless performance. Below: A tender moment with Vincent Price in the same picture. A few necessary changes were made in filming this famous classic.





CHARLES BOYER

As co-star with Bette Davis in "All This And Heaven, Too," the suave Frenchman enjoyed one of his happiest assignments. Contrary to unfounded rumors of ill will between them, each had tremendous admiration for the other's artistry.



MARTHA SCOTT

Martha is new to Hollywood, but was chosen for the starring role of *Emily* in Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." Although she had played the role in the stage version, it was thought one of the better known screen actresses would be selected.



ROBERT TAYLOR
and
VIVIEN LEIGH

Three years ago, Bob and Vivien appeared together in "A Yank at Oxford." Now they are together again in "Waterloo Bridge," romance of a little ballet dancer and young British officer who woos and wins her during a twenty-four-hour war leave.

FREDRIC MARCH
and
JOAN CRAWFORD

Fredric March returns to the screen opposite Joan Crawford in "Susan and God." March plays the role of her husband. Joan, as Susan, is self-centered and frivolous and adopts religion as a fad only to discover she wants to accept it in all seriousness.



HOLLYWOOD VISITS YOUR

When a famous columnist brings screen stars in person to your local theatre he encounters headaches galore which he here-with frankly describes



Accompanying Ed Sullivan on his tour of the country are *above*: Universal's Helen Parrish; *center*: horror-man Bela Lugosi; *upper right*: free-lance comedian Arthur Treacher; *right*: 20th Century-Fox's Marjorie Weaver; *below*: M-G-M's "Babes in Arms" duet of Betty Jaynes and Douglas MacPhail, who are Mr. and Mrs. in private life. Vivian Fay and Peg Leg Bates, of vaudeville, are also featured in the troupe.



HOME TOWN!

By Ed Sullivan



I'M writing this piece on a train going from Dayton, Ohio, to Pittsburgh, Pa., where early tomorrow morning, on the stage of the Stanley Theatre, I'll send a group of Hollywood "names" through a rehearsal of the vaudeville show we will present there. This will be Hollywood's third personal invasion of Pittsburgh within a few months. Louella Parsons and Jimmy Fidler both have preceded us with vaudeville units composed of movie performers, because this will go down in movie-vaudeville history as the year in which Hollywood, after insisting for too long a time that it wanted to get back on the stage, actually did just that. Every time you turned your head, it seemed that another columnist was escorting a troupe of movie performers into the five-a-day circuits. On top of that, groups of Hollywood performers banded together without columnists at the helm and engaged in their own cross-country hops.

With me in this particular troupe are Universal's Helen Parrish; 20th Century-Fox's Marjorie Weaver; free-lance comedian Arthur Treacher; horror-man Bela Lugosi and the M.-G.-M.'s "Babes in Arms" duet of Douglas MacPhail and Betty Jaynes. From vaudeville, for good measure, I recruited Peg-Leg Bates, an amazing southern Negro boy who dances better on one leg than most dancing stars ever dance on both legs, and Vivian Fay, the toe-dancer you saw in "A Day at the Races" and "The Great Waltz."

The reason I have outlined the entire company for you is to give you a complete picture of the problems that must be encountered when such a Hollywood company is organized for a six-week invasion of the vaudeville stages of the country. The signing of each one of these players presented a problem that was completely individual, and the solution of each problem resulted in a volume of red tape that is staggering in retrospect. Because Louella Parsons and Jimmy Fidler must have encountered these same difficulties, I think that an exposition of them will be of interest to you movie fans, because this is a phase of Hollywood with which you are not familiar, although it concerns you in your theatres.

Here is what actually happens when Hollywood tries to go to the rescue of vaudeville.

My idea was to assemble a show that the bigger presentation houses could buy for \$7,500 a week. For that sum of money, I wanted to offer the theatres performers from the movies who had definite box-office names. Yet obviously within the framework of a \$7,500 weekly budget, it would be impossible to sign a Marlene Dietrich, who would want not less than \$6,000 a week, or even a Lupe Velez who would want \$2,500 a week. Railroad transportation from the West Coast and back would average about \$500 a week on a four-week jaunt. There were other expenses that had to be provided for out of that \$7,500, plus performers' salaries.

Having played quite a lot of vaudeville, I wanted above all things movie performers who actually could DO SOMETHING on a stage. I didn't propose to throw them all into a series of dramatic sketches and let the devil take the hindmost. I wanted youth and charm, I wanted comedy, I wanted novelty. Bela Lugosi certainly offered novelty; Lugosi working with Arthur [Continued on page 67]

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WE POINT
WITH PRIDE

TO
ALICE
FAYE

WITH the release of "Lillian Russell," Alice Faye adds still another triumph to her growing list of screen achievements. In 1934, when she first came to Hollywood, it was simply as a protege of Rudy Vallee, who sung quite well before a band and was a pretty fair dancer. But after her first picture, "George White's Scandals," Alice was determined that she would rather be known as an actress, than as a singer or dancer. It took time and study, but with the help and confidence of Darryl Zanuck, Alice eventually realized her desire in 1938 and amazed the critics with her dramatic performance in "In Old Chicago." As "Lillian Russell," Alice Faye further proves she is now one of the screen's foremost and loveliest actresses.



MAUREEN O'HARA

Maureen follows her colorful performing in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," with a brilliant portrayal as the daughter in "A Bill of Divorcement." Her natural beauty and whimsical charms are even more in evidence off the screen than in her films.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

IT WAS moonlight and the air was filled with the fragrance of flowers as a lone little figure, in a white party dress with a gardenia in her thick brown curls, trudged down a winding road in Brentwood, California. Unobserved, she had slipped out a side door of the big white house on the hill, where lights and music told plainly that a party was in progress.

At the fork of the road, the child, for she was discernibly a plump adolescent of teen-age, stopped and waited.

Suddenly, a sedan drove up. The car door opened and she flung herself in, heedless of the fragile ruffles on the dainty frock. Simultaneously, she broke into sobs.

"Why Judy Garland," said her mother, turning off the ignition switch, "what ever has happened? Why did you telephone me to come and get you? Why didn't you stay at the party?"

"I couldn't bear it, mother, they laughed at me! Some of the girls stood in a corner and whispered and poked fun at me," Judy sobbed in her mother's arms. "I heard one of Deanna Durbin's friends say, 'She'll never be an actress. She just thinks she can sing. She's too fat. Imagine her being a movie star!' Then they all laughed."

And then came afresh the release of pent up emotions and disappointment and child heart-break.

A few seconds later the tears suddenly stopped. "I should have slapped their faces," exploded Judy, her quivering chin now rigid with indignation and determination. "But I'll show them. I WILL be somebody in pictures. I WILL."

And she is.

"I was pretty mad," Judy remembers. "But I really owe some of my spunk to those 'catty' girls!"

"When I was making a personal appearance in New York, a boy sent a note back stage to me. It said that I was a hypocrite singing that I loved New York and was happy. 'You just live a glamorous life in Hollywood and don't know what real honest clean fun is! And you don't look so hot up there with your petticoat showing a couple of inches—and you on the stage! Yah!'—he wrote.

"My temper didn't rise a bit at the note. I felt sorry that

anyone should be so bitter about anyone else. I had the usher bring him back stage and we talked. I told him that I wasn't a hypocrite—and he said well he thought all people who had lots of money were two-faced!

"He'd just been released from a reform school—and didn't seem to like anyone or anything. I told him I had lots of fun. That I lived with my mother and sister and went with boys and girls my own age, and swam and played badminton, went to movies and did most anything any boy or girl does.

"Too, I explained that my petticoat was not showing, that my dress was made with a bottom ruffle. Well, he seemed really sorry for being so unkind. Said if he'd thought more, he wouldn't have sent such a note. The next day he sent a letter of apology. I believe he always will feel friendly towards me. Probably, if I had stopped and spoken to those girls at Deanna's party they might have become friends, too. I've thought about it a lot. I know now that the way to deal with people, who want to be unkind to you, is to be so nice, they'll like you in spite of themselves."

Strangely, Judy lives in a new white house on a winding road near the very hilltop house where jealousy first reared its ugly head and two thoughtless girls squelched her adolescent pride, but fired her determination.

"This is my very own house," Judy said, proudly showing me through the spacious rooms and out onto the patio where we glimpsed the badminton court and the new swimming pool. A huge St. Bernard dog rounded the corner and all but knocked Judy over in his attempt to bestow (Continued on page 73)



Left: In 1937, Judy was still pretty much of an ugly duckling as she attended the premiere of "Broadway Melody of 1938." **Above:** Nowadays, Judy is one of the loveliest and most successful girls in Hollywood, not only in films but as a star on Bob Hope's radio program. **Right:** With Mickey Rooney at the premiere of their film "Babes in Arms."



WHO BECAME A SWAN

By
Mary Jane
Manners

It seems only yesterday when Judy Garland left a party in tears because friends of Deanna Durbin poked fun and laughed at her and said "Imagine her being a movie star!"

Judy Garland has much to shout and sing about because if she'd believed, instead of disproving, what some catty girls had to say about her, she now would not be enjoying fame and its luxuries.



Mickey Rooney places a congratulatory kiss on Judy Garland's lips at the recent Academy Awards gala dinner.

"MEN I CAN'T FORGET

In reviewing the men in her pictures, Ann Sheridan reveals the amusing time she had in getting her first screen kiss from shy Fred MacMurray

By

Gladys Hall

Left: Ann Sheridan, whose latest film is "Torrid Zone," says, "the only leading man I ever went out with was Randy Scott and it wasn't a romance, but just for fun." *Below:* With serious-minded Jeffrey Lynn in "It All Came True," she'd pretend to faint dead away whenever he'd take her in his arms for a scene.





Jimmy Cagney, who appears in "Torrid Zone" with Ann, is one of her favorites. He taught her how to slap a face properly.

"MY MEMORIES of my leading men," said Annie, comfortably, "all bless, not burn, I'm happy to say. Though where I get off at calling them my leading men, when I was practically the Invisible Woman on the screen until I made 'Letter of Introduction,' I wouldn't know!"

"Seems funny for a big, strong girl like me to say that all my memories of 'my men' (*credit line to Fannie Brice*) are grateful ones, but it's the truth. I was helpless and they helped me. I was weak and they made me strong, well, stronger, then. It's been like that all along.

"No, they didn't make love to me, not any one of 'em. I haven't a single romantic bead on my Rosary of Remembrance, not one. The only one I ever went out with was Randy Scott. And that wasn't romance, just fun. We'd go down to Cary Grant's, mostly, and play cards and kid around. Most of the others were, and are, married. I was married—for a time. The others, like Dick Foran and Richard Carlson and Fred MacMurray were courtin' when they worked with me. So, they didn't go for me. But they helped me, they all helped me. They all guided and supported my tottering Texan footsteps, until I can now walk on a set and face a camera without playing peek-a-boo with the thing.

"Each one of the boys, from Randy to the present set-up of Cagney & O'Brien on the set of 'Torrid Zone,' have rid me of one little neurosis after another. I may not look it, act it or talk it," said Ann, "but I was all riddled with inferiorities and inhibitions and self-doubts when I first came to Hollywood. I am, now, a Free Soul. Well, practically free. And they've made me what I am today, the men I've worked with. That's what I mean when I say that my memories of them are all grateful ones.

"My first really sizeable lead was with Randy Scott. It was a Western, called 'Mountain Mystery' or something like that. I all but foamed at the mouth, I was so scairt. Not of the horses, nor the cacti and things like [Continued on page 51]





Imposing on the Stars

Taking unfair advantage of the good nature of screen celebrities is a serious menace as you can see by these unheard of incidents

By
Ronald Bryant



When an owner knew Joan Crawford wanted to buy his property, he raised the price unreasonably. *Right:* Priscilla Lane had her slipper stolen in a theatre by the woman sitting right next to her.





Top row (l. to r.): John Garfield, Lupe Velez, Clark Gable, Ray Milland, Wendy Barrie, Virginia Bruce, Humphrey Bogart and William Powell. All of these stars have been victimized, but because of their popularity could do nothing about it for fear of being misunderstood by the movie public.

OUR scene is the drawing-room occupied by Bing Crosby and his beautiful missus, Dixie Lee, on the Super-Chief, westward-bound from Chicago to Hollywood. The time is the noon hour, and the couple is hungrily awaiting the arrival of their already-ordered luncheon.

Without warning, the door swings open. Ah, lunch!

But no. . . .

No smiling ebony waiter, bearing his tray of steaming viands. Instead . . . in pop two goggle-eyed maids, fluttering and gurgling with suppressed excitement. One plunks down beside the astonishing Bing, the other in the seat opposite, totally ignoring the just-as-startled Dixie.

"Oh, Mr. Crosby," they gasp, as one, "we want to hear you croon."

"And," explained Dixie, in describing the experience, later, "they wouldn't leave until poor Bing had given them a couple of songs and signed his name to both their autograph books. Even then, they had to be almost pushed out of the compartment."

Nothing out of the ordinary, that incident. The stars are subjected to such treatment daily. Where you or I could, and probably would, have tossed those gals out on their ears for intruding on our privacy and flatly refusing to leave until their demands had been complied with, Bing and his wife had to take it with a grin, and keep smiling.

All too often are the stars and famous ones of Hollywood taken advantage of, in one way or another. Sometimes, like the above incident, it's only [Continued on page 74]



Dorothy Lamour was taken for plenty on a loan to an alleged newspaper man from her home town. **Left:** Claudette Colbert got a bill for \$1500 for professional services which never were rendered.

PICTORIAL PROFILE OF *Rita Hayworth*



Looking her loveliest in her new Catalina swim suit, Rita Hayworth is Columbia's most beautiful and talented starlet.

She loves to shop and has a keen instinct for bargains. Cooks, too.



Rita does a whirl on the sidewalk in front of her home to show she is still a good dancer. She is a member of the famous Cansino dancing family. She used to dance in an Agua Caliente night club until a talent scout signed her. No girl in Hollywood has a shapelier pair of legs. She is completely unaffected by success.

Above: Although rated as Hollywood's newest glamour girl, Rita still retains her high-school girl simplicity. Right: The model railroad craze has hit her; one entire room in her Westwood home is devoted to the trains. Her favorite sport is swimming.



Gene Lester
Photos



Above: She still has her childhood love of dolls. She has a huge collection and one of her hobbies is making clothes for them. Below: With Duke, her Doberman-Pinscher. He sleeps at the foot of her twelve-foot satin upholstered bed. Rita is married to Edward Judson, a well-to-do oil man. They live a quiet life and seldom go to night clubs, being early birds.



THE GIRL WHO

When unladylike Frankie, a beauty contest winner, married a wealthy lad after a whirlwind evening and his parents broke it up, she hit upon a great idea

By Elizabeth

Benneche Peterson

Upper left: When she first arrived in Hollywood she was dressed so atrociously she didn't look at all like her photograph which had won the beauty contest. *Left:* She met Johnny Marland while befriending an injured kitten on the road.



"I don't know how he feels about me now, but he loved me last night. He was so sweet and so gentle."

IT SEEMED strange to be getting out the old jalopy and driving down to Hollywood on an afternoon in the middle of the week. Just like old times I thought as I drove into Sunset Boulevard and got tangled in the traffic jam. For a moment, I felt I'd turned the calendar back a year and was my old going-on-an-interview self.

The latest member of the family sat on the seat beside me, poking his nose against my arm and not helping my driving too much. Maybe I'd better introduce you. His name is Mr. Jones and he's got the softest, most melting brown eyes in the world and he started out to be a spaniel, but changed his mind and became a setter instead with just a dash of dachshund thrown in to make him interesting. "A Bullfoundland poodle," the man I married calls him, but that's a libel. I'm sure he hasn't the tiniest speck of poodle. But of course I couldn't swear to that.

For the only thing we know about Mr. Jones' beginnings is that they must have been pretty meagre judging by the way his ribs stuck out that day he wandered into our garden. The only sign of plenty he had were the fleas chasing each other

WANTED TO BE A LADY



across his nose. We told each other we were only going to give him a bang-up meal and send him on his way, but I'm afraid Mr. Jones has a way with him. He stayed. Not only that, he's practically the boss of the whole outfit now.

It was Mr. Jones who was sending me chasing into Hollywood that afternoon, leaving behind a couple of bushels of plums all ready for canning. You see he was joining Bette Davis' Tailwaggers and initiations in a doggy outfit like that can't wait for mere household details.

The meeting had started by the time we got there and Bette Davis was talking. If all her fans could hear her I don't think there'd be a homeless mutt left in the country. She drags out my hankie even quicker when she's talking about dogs than she does when she's giving one of those Academy Award performances of hers. And that's going some.

Not wanting to disturb her, I tiptoed to a seat in the back and it wasn't until I sat down that I recognized the woman next to me. She was wearing the kind of tweeds you know are imported even before you see the label and a casual little hat that couldn't conceal the money that had been spent [Continued on page 69]

Upper left: When Frankie again returned to Hollywood, she was an entirely different person and had even changed her name. *Above:* "He looked so bewildered this morning when I told him we were married. I'm sure he thought I was just a gold digger who had married him for his money, but even then, thinking that, he was so nice and polite and all." *Right:* Every Saturday night she'd be down at the Cocoanut Grove dancing in the Charleston contests and sometimes you'd see her at the beach with some of the mechanics from the studio.



Milady *in* *Midsummer*

Spanish is precisely the word for this ruffled evening gown of fuchsia and white print cotton worn by Anna Neagle, RKO-Radio star. Ribbon bows, caught in the Spanish skirt, are forget-me-not blue to match the knot of flowers in her blonde hair. It is an Edward Stevenson creation.

Anna's suspender frock is a copy of a middle-European peasant dress. Circular skirt is ink-blue poplin, trimmed with a narrow band embroidered with hearts and flowers. Suspenders are embroidered to match. White cotton lace edges the petticoat, the neck and sleeves of Anna's white batiste blouse.



Anna Neagle, the English beauty, brings a gay and colorful wardrobe with her as she vacations after completing her starring role in "Irene"



For leisure hours Anna prefers her sun-yellow lounging pajamas. The novel fabric is woven that it appears finely checked. The trousers are shirred in center front for fullness. Around her neck she wears a string of baby ducks made of bright yellow pottery. Anna Neagle has been chosen as the best dressed International film star in the annual poll of the Fashion Academy, New York.

Here is a patio dinner dress. It's a formal frock, but made of ordinary unbleached muslin, the wide skirt hand-dyed in shamrock green. The halter bodice is green to match. The necklace and bracelet are tiny corks—a gay bit of midsummer madness—painted in pastel greens and gold. Quite inexpensive!



This frosty white gown, another creation by Edward Stevenson, has a bouffant skirt which is an "apron" of silver lace tied on over skirt upon skirt of filmy white tulle. Both "apron" and strapless basque bodice are edged with ruffles of silver lace. It puts one in the mood for moonlight and romance.



A unique ensemble with a skirt of ordinary unbleached muslin, decorated with purple octopi, sea horses, and other denizens of the deep. The halter bodice, also muslin, is matching purple. Cummerbund is fuchsia. Necklace and bracelet are buttons of purple, fuchsia and natural wood strung on elastic bands. Especially ideal to pull over a swim suit.



"Virginia City" Takes Virginia City!

It cost Warner Brothers \$25,000 to throw the rip-roaring premiere of "Virginia City," right in the Nevada town of the same name. *Above:* Ken Murray, master of ceremonies of the trip, and Rosemary Lane on the platform of the special 18 car train as it left Burbank. *Right:* Whooping it en route are Jack Krindler, Leo Carrillo, Gilbert Roland and charming Patricia Ellis.

Above: Train made a two-hour stopover at Norden, California, prompting a snow fight with Errol Flynn losing to Frances Robinson and Mary Astor. *Left:* Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman, Mary Astor, Ken Murray and Bill Boyd at ball in honor of premiere.

Upper left: Weary Carole Parker gets some shuteye on Jeffrey Lynn's shoulder. *Left:* Humphrey Bogart, Bruce Cabot and Mayo Methot in front of Piper's Opera House, Virginia City. *Right:* Wayne Morris and wife blow smoke rings at the gay, premiere ball.

"Men I Can't Forget"

[Continued from page 39]

that. A gun-totin' Texas gal, nothing like that fazes me. I was just scared of making a picture and may I be boiled in oil if I ever forget what I owe Randy, who took the worst curse off picture making for me.

"I started to work in that hoss opera and I was so scared my lines didn't make sense. The director had to ask me whether I was speaking English or pig-Latin. My hands shook so I got my lipstick where my eyebrows were supposed to be and my eyebrows down where my lips belong. Randy got a laugh out of me by asking, politely, whether he'd made a mistake and this was a circus picture and I was the bearded lady! He took me in hand, Randy did. Very gentle hands they are, too, firm but gentle. He used the old every-day-in-every-way-I'm-getting-better-and-better method. He kept repeating 'what's the use of being nervous?' Five minutes later he'd say it again. The light broke and my answer was, 'yeah, what *is* the use?' He sort of took it all apart for me and put it together again. He was just like a parent who takes a neurotic child into a dark room and shows her that the bed is not a dragon, but just a bed, the shadows just shadows and not the ghosts of her ancestors. He'd tell me Success Stories, even going back to the days of Mary Pickford. He spent hours, while we sat around between takes, talking about my good points, the qualities he saw in me which would make for success. He saw right off that the most necessary thing in this world to me, is —*laughter*. And he made it his business to hand me a laugh a minute.

"He sensed right off that any man to have, dare I say 'oomph' for Annie, has GOT to have a sense of humor. For my book, a man can look like the Hunchback of Notre Dame or like Charles Boyer, he can be a mouse and not a man, but if he's got a lot of gags the glamour can go by and he'll still weigh in heavily on the Sheridan scales.

"My philosophy of life is: what's the use of living if you can't have fun? Life's short enough, as it is. You gotta laugh now and then. To take life easy is my idea of life. Laughter and relaxing, what more do you want? Well, what I'm getting at is, Randy sensed these needs in me, has a share of them himself and so, we 'matched.' My memory of Randy is one big chunk of gratitude for making me realize that I can laugh as I work, relax as I work. He was the first to make me realize that, even in my work, I can be—*myself*.

"My memory of Fred MacMurray is a memory of—my First Kiss! My first screen kiss, of course, don't be silly. And (*memo to Fred*) *What a kiss!!!*

"Fred, I must tell you, helped me, too. He helped me by making it necessary for *me* to help *him*. It was like this: Fred had just made 'The Gilded Lily,' with Claudette Colbert, when they teamed us in that little number, 'Car 99.' I was destined to be bounced right out of the 'car,' and off the set and gone. But I



Glamour may be emphasized in the exploitation of Ann Sheridan, Warner Brothers star, but underneath it all she is definitely the athletic type. She is an expert horsewoman, a better-than-average swimmer and no one is surpassing her on a dance floor especially when it comes to a rhumba. Her keen sense of humor is evident at all times. In fact, her philosophy of life is: what's the use of living if you can't have any fun? True enough.

didn't know that, then. Fred, on the other hand, didn't know that the yet unreleased 'Gilded Lily' was about to start him to stardom. I was on my way *Out*. He was on his way *Up*. But we didn't know it and so were pretty even-Stephen. We were both at the Bottom, Be-ginning in Bs. . . . we *thought*. And both as nervous

as ticks.

"Well, come the love scenes and that guy was so shy he let me go like a hot rock. We had to take our love scenes over and over and *over* until Fred's paralysis sort of loosened up through sheer exhaustion. I was equally nervous, because I'd

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Reviews

Direct From
Hollywood

REBECCA

ONE OF THE FINEST—Selznick-
International



HERE is one of the finest pictures of the year. Directed by the famous British director, Alfred Hitchcock, and adapted from Daphne du Maurier's sensationally popular novel, the film is actually even better than the book. Joan Fontaine gets her first chance at stardom in this picture, and as the second Mrs. Maxim de Winter gives a performance that will have you applauding with admiration. Laurence Olivier matches his superb portrayal of Heathcliff, and as the master of Manderley, tortured by the memory of his first wife, Rebecca, he does himself proud. If you do not know the story of "Rebecca," if you do not know about the terribly oppressive and memory-laden atmosphere of Manderley, if you do not know the secret of Rebecca's death, the more fun for you in seeing the picture—and we won't divulge it here. Judith Anderson, borrowed from the New York stage, is so wonderful as Mrs. Danvers, the psychopathic housekeeper, that she makes your flesh crawl. In the excellent cast are Reginald Denny, George Sanders, Nigel Bruce, C. Aubrey Smith, and Gladys Cooper. Florence Bates as the snobbish Mrs. Van Hopper got a big hand at the preview. Being a Selznick picture it is definitely a "class" production. Don't miss it.

TOO MANY HUSBANDS
DELIGHTFULLY SCREWBALLISH—
Columbia

DIRECTOR Wesley Ruggles and Writer Claude Binyon have gotten together this time on an "Enoch Arden" situation. It's pure screwball nonsense from beginning to end, but if you're in the mood for foolishness (*and there have been too many pictures with serious messages lately*) you'll get a big laugh out of it. Jean Arthur, in a regular glamour girl wardrobe, first marries Fred MacMurray, but when he is drowned at sea, supposedly, she marries his best friend and business partner, Melvyn Douglas. They have been six months wed, or at least they thought they were, when Fred returns from his drowning to claim his charming wife. Jean is very pleased to have two men fighting over her, and keeps both husbands in tow the greater part of the picture. Finally, the Law steps in. Minor supporting roles are well played by Harry Davenport, Melville Cooper, and Dorothy Peterson, who does a little scene stealing right from under Miss Arthur's nose. There's a dance turn called "The Tyrolka" which you will find most amusing.

STRANGE CARGO

GRIM BUT GOOD—M-G-M

JOAN CRAWFORD and Clark Gable are teamed again in this grim sordid story of escape from a penal colony. Joan plays Julie, a cabaret entertainer, who has been every place and done everything, and who is being driven from the island by the authorities. She joins up with Gable and five other desperate ruthless men who are seeking their way to freedom on the mainland through the horrible perils of the jungles, murderous Indians, and a becalmed sea. With them is a seventh man, named Cambreau, in the guise of a convict, a strange, gentle, mystical man, who knows what is going to happen to every one of them before it happens. Before each convict dies he has done something good for the others, and



Top left: Fred MacMurray, Jean Arthur and Melvyn Douglas in "Too Many Husbands." *Left center:* Sinister Peter Lorre and flashy Joan Crawford in "Strange Cargo." *Left:* Miriam Hopkins is quite amazing with her Can-Can dance in "Virginia City," in which she is co-starred with Errol Flynn. *Below:* Deanna Durbin dancing with Walter Pidgeon in "It's A Date," her seventh consecutive smash hit. Kay Francis is also in this not-to-be missed Pasternak production.



regenerated himself. Finally, only Joan and Gable, Paul Lukas and, of course, Cambreau, survive to reach the mainland. In the part of Julie, Joan Crawford gives a beautifully dramatic performance. The escaping convicts are Albert Dekker, J. Edward Bromberg, John Arledge, and Eduardo Ciannelli. Ian Hunter is excellent as the Christlike Cambreau.

VIRGINIA CITY

A SUPER-WESTERN—Warner Brothers

HERE'S a super-western outdoor picture which will remind you, and happily too, of "Dodge City" and "The Plainsman." It's noisy, thrilling, and dramatic, with a goodly bit of comedy thrown in. Starring Errol Flynn, Miriam Hopkins and Randolph Scott, the picture tells the incident in history of the attempt to send five million dollars in Virginia City gold to the aid of the Confederate Army in the Civil War. The dashing Mr. Flynn plays the Union intelligence officer whose duty it is to thwart the gold shipment. Miriam plays a Southern sympathizer, who dances the Can-Can in the famous Crystal Bar, falls in love with Flynn, and later betrays him. Randy is the young Confederate officer who comes to Virginia City to arrange the shipment. Humphrey Bogart is cast as a desperado who also has his eye on the gold. There's plenty of action, and plenty of shooting.

THE PRIMROSE PATH

MAGNIFICENT PERFORMING BY GINGER ROGERS—RKO

ALTHOUGH it is adapted from Victoria Lincoln's best seller of several years ago, "February Hill," Gregory La Cava, producer and director, has brought forth a photoplay that is indeed different from the original. What with morality regulations, and censors swarming all over the place, it would have to be. Ginger Rogers plays Ellie May Adams, who lives in the disreputable district of a certain town. Her upbringing has been something scandalous, what with that mother

and grandmother of hers, but she is naturally a good girl, and when she falls in love with an honest man she marries him. When her nice young man, played by Joel McCrea, finds out about her family he isn't exactly pleased. Trouble follows. But the end of the film finds Ellie May pulling herself, and her whole family, up out of degradation. It is definitely a picture that is "different." Ginger gives a dramatic performance that is little short of magnificent. Marjorie Rambeau and Queenie Vassar are both brilliant as the mother and grandmother. Henry Travers, Miles Mander, Vivienne Osborne and tiny Joan Carroll stand out in a perfect cast.

MY SON, MY SON!

THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY—

Edward Small

THIS is the adaptation of Howard Spring's best selling novel, and although some liberties have been taken with the book, it has been made into a thoroughly interesting and entertaining picture. Brian Aherne plays the father whose whole life is his son, and Josephine Hutchinson plays the mother who realizes only too well her boy's weaknesses. Louis Hayward plays the despicable son who

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Pictures on the fire!

Visits to various sets to watch and chat with the stars as they make important forthcoming productions

By Dick Mook

Jimmy Cagney, as foreman of a banana plantation, has just fired a few shots after some fleeing bandits in this scene from "Torrid Zone." Ann Sheridan and Helen Vinson are watching Jimmy's heroics.

THE most fun I've seen on a set in many a day is on the stage where "My Favorite Wife" is shooting. This stars Cary Grant and Irene Dunne, with Randolph Scott and Gail Patrick prominently in the cast.

Irene and Cary were married, but seven years ago she went junketing off to the South Seas as the photographic expert on a scientific expedition. The expedition was shipwrecked and survivors said she was swept away. So Cary has her declared legally dead in order that he may wed

Gail Patrick. No sooner does the judge perform the ceremony and they start up to Yosemite on their honeymoon than Irene turns up in the company of Randolph Scott (who was also a member of the expedition and also a survivor on a desert isle with Renee). Irene wants Cary to tell Gail he's already married and Cary wants to—but somehow he just can't screw his nerve up to that point. When all other measures fail, Irene has him arrested as a bigamist and that's where I come in (but there are many hilarious

situations between her return and his appearance in court, let me tell you).

In court, when Gail finds out he's already married she hauls off and bops him in the nose, actually drawing blood.

"I won't have violence in my court!" screams Granville Bates, the judge.

"Twenty-five dollars," Gail agrees, throwing some bills on his desk, "and it was worth it!" She turns to Cary. "And as far as I'm concerned, you're legally dead." She turns and exits just as Irene

Gail Patrick, Cary Grant, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott and Granville Bates as you see them in the hilarious "My Favorite Wife."



An exciting scene from "The Sea Hawk," starring Errol Flynn, which Dick Mook describes for you. The players, left to right, Alan Hale, Claude Rains, Brenda Marshall, Una O'Connor and Errol, who serves his Queen as a pirate.



and Randy come out of an ante-room. "Well, Ellen," Randy beams, "see you at the boat at nine o'clock."

"Quiet!" roars Judge Bates. "What boat?"

"You see, Your Honor," Randy explains, leaving Irene and stepping up to the judge, "We're not interested in man-made laws. There's a law of the jungle. When a man finds his mate he doesn't have to—to—" he turns to Cary and eyes him scornfully, "think it out." Then he turns back to Irene, "Goodbye, Eve."

Irene smiling: "Goodbye, Adam."

"Just a moment," His Honor sputters.

"It's all right with me if you bring the kiddies," Randy whispers to Irene as he leaves.

"In all my experience on the bench—" Mr. Bates fusses. "I'll study this brief (indicating Irene's complaint against Cary) and I will then render a decision."

"Yes, Your Honor," Cary agrees, holding a handkerchief to his bleeding nose.

"Quiet!" squeals the judge.

"I don't care what his decision is," Irene whispers, "I'm getting a divorce."

"Quiet!" yells the judge.

"What's the matter with your nose?" Irene asks Cary, paying no attention to the Court.

"Nothing!" snaps Cary, impatiently jerking the handkerchief away so she can see it's bleeding. "If you think I'm going to let you take the kids to some fever-ridden pest-hole with that idiot—"

"Here!" Irene orders, taking his handkerchief from his breast pocket and pouring some water from the judge's pitcher on it. "Hold your head way back. What's your offer?"

"Well," Cary temporizes, "I thought you might go up to the mountain house

with the kids for awhile until the gossip dies down and I thought I'd go off on one of those sixty-day cruises and think this out calmly—rationally."

"Well, I'll think it over, too—calmly—rationally," Irene snaps, "and it won't take me sixty days. I can do it in sixty

minutes!"

"Oh," Cary moans as his nose starts bleeding again.

"Put your head back," Irene commands.

"Way, way back."

Cary does so and his head hits the [Continued on page 80]



Frank Morgan, as the professor in "The Mortal Storm," is being applauded by his students, foremost among them being Jimmy Stewart and Robert Young. Margaret Sullavan also is in this important film.



Topics For Gossip

[Continued from page 21]



Above: Sweethearts Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh at the Academy Award dinner where Vivien won an "Oscar" for the best performance by an actress during 1939.

Extreme left: Walter Pidgeon waves a greeting from across the room at Ciro's. *Left:* As expected, Jimmy Stewart escorted Olivia de Havilland to the "Gambol of the Stars," recently held at the Cocoanut Grove.

Jones Health Restaurant in Beverly Hills or the Saks-Fifth Avenue shop in Beverly Hills.

The most photographed couple at the Screen Actors Guild Ball was Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart. They are so congenial and make such an attractive couple that it is a pity they don't get married. Can't you do something about it, Jimmy? Or you, Olivia? It's Leap Year, you know.

Robert Taylor, who made his debut as a sports promoter last year when he became a stockholder in the Hollywood Stars Baseball Club, will retain his directorate this year. Bob will have the most unusual vacation of any star in Hollywood this

summer, with arrangements completed for him to make a road trip through the Pacific Northwest with the Hollywood Baseball Club. While Bob is touring with the balls and bats his little bride will be working on the new Frank Capra picture, opposite Gary Cooper.

The fad for Confucius sayings made a deep impression on Dorothy Lamour when she received a cable from the Chinese-American Boys Club in Honolulu. The cable read, "Not pattern outside makes sarong beautiful; depends on girl inside."

Paramount starlets Betty McLaughlin, Wanda McKay, Dorothy Dayton and Kay Stewart having a splashing good time of it in their B.V.D. swim suits at the Paramount pool.

When speaking of his wife to casual acquaintances, Bob Taylor always refers to her as "Miss Stanwyck," never "Mrs. Taylor." If you call her on the phone and Bob answers, he'll say, "Just a minute please, I'll call Miss Stanwyck." It's his own idea, not Barbara's, because he's so terribly proud of her. He thinks she's the greatest living actress. And he might not be far wrong.

As a surprise for his wife, Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward went down to Laguna Beach and leased a house for the entire summer without letting her see it first. Ida was surprised all right—because the place is on a bluff overlooking the ocean, with 277 steps down to the beach. As if that weren't bad enough, Ida also has hyp-



sophobia—a fear of high places—and can't bear to go down those steps.

"The only way she can get down at all," says Louis, "is to take five steps at a time and then wait until she gets accustomed to that level, which would take about three weeks to reach the beach. Or else, she can always go around—it's only three miles."

That was a hot one four-year-old Guy Kibbee, Jr., pulled on his Dad the other evening about bedtime. Guy was going to great lengths trying to amuse the lad, who only yawned wider and wider as Guy went through his routine of funny faces and wild animal noises. Finally, Mrs. Kibbee remarked, "Well, if you're that sleepy, I think you had better quit playing and go to bed."

"But Mamma," Junior explained wearily, "I'm not sleepy tired—I'm just tired of Daddy trying to be funny."

When an autograph-hound gets an autograph from Dolores Del Rio, he's really got something—she writes the largest signature of any star in Hollywood.

Jackie Cooper's latest girl friend basks in the warm glow of his mother's approval. Mrs. Bigelow, Jackie's mother, motored all the way down to Palm Springs on a recent

Below: Judy Garland lets out a whoop as she strikes in her bowling with Mickey Rooney. Right: Universal's shapely Jean Carol in a cute Catalina creation. Upper right: Spencer Tracy chats with Liz Whitney.

week-end to bring cute little Jimmie Rogers back to Hollywood so Jackie could introduce her to his gang.

Otto Kruger takes no chances that his friends won't believe he actually caught the enormous fish he tells about. After each of his fishing trips he has himself photographed with the "catch" and then swears in front of a notary public "So help me, I did catch 'em myse'f." Not even skeptical Hollywood can disbelieve a notary's stamp.

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"Men I Can't Forget"

[Continued from page 51]

never been kissed by a man on the screen before. And if you don't think your first public kiss, right out there under the lights, under the stares of the director, crew and all make you shrivel up, you're not the shrinking violet I used to be! At that, it was worse on Fred, because *he* had to hold me up—when he didn't drop me!

"At that time, too, Fred was courting Lillian Lamont, now Mrs. Fred. And maybe his mind wasn't on his work. Or maybe he thought Lillian might mind his work, I don't know. Anyway, my memories of Fred center chiefly around the way we wrestled with our close-ups, trying to make them look like practised and passionate kisses and not woodpeckers pecking away at the old elm and missing the mark, at that. Not long ago, Fred and I were laughing over old 'Car 99' and he said, 'Well, I had the distinction of doing the first pre-oomph love scene with you, anyway.' Just shows how men can fool themselves, from time to time. He called them 'love-scenes'!"

"Pat O'Brien . . . now, there's someone not only his mother, but every woman with a heart in her could love! He's so darned sweet, so considerate of everyone, so understanding, so cryable-on-shoulder-able. Even when I started to work with Pat, 'The Great O'Malley' was the first picture I made with him, I still didn't have too much self-confidence. I'll never have too much, I'm afraid. There's a sort of crawling fear I get, like termites undermining my Ego. The fear that I—well, that I am odoriferous at my job. No, the 'oomph' sticker didn't help any. It made me more self-conscious, if anything. So that I crawled into rooms and sneaked onto sound stages.

"Well, anyway, I was making a scene with Pat one day and having jitters all over the place and O'Brien sez to me, sez he, 'take it easy, sister, *they've got plenty of film in the camera*. So if you don't do it the first time, so you do it the fifteenth time. And what of it?' That line, 'they've got plenty of film in the camera' was a *life line* to me. When he said that he did for me, I promise you, more than he had any idea he was doing. He positively de-frosted me. Because I'd been operating on the theory that if I muffed the first shot, that's all there is, there isn't any more. And I would *freeze* at the beginning of the first take. That tip from Pat thawed me out and quieted me down. He's like a dose of soothing syrup, that one, when soothing syrup is needed.

"And then there is O'Brien's sense of humor . . . well, the last day of that picture was the first time anyone knew I was married. I'd been married, then, for about two weeks. O'Brien let me have it. 'Mrs. Norris,' he'd say, making me a sweeping bow, 'would you like to be doing a little scene now, ma'am?' And when we'd go into action he'd stop, his arms still around me and shout, 'Come on, just because you're a bride . . . *give!*' But then, at the end of the day, the sweetness

that is Pat came out and he took my hand and I like to remember the look in his eyes and the tone of his voice when he said, 'I'm very happy for you, Ann. I hope it lasts.' Well, we all got fooled, didn't we? But there's no fooling about Pat's sweetness and goodness, that's lasting and it's fine.

"Dick Foran was next on the list, as I remember . . . and doggone if he wasn't in love, too. We worked together in 'Black Legion' and then in a series of little numbers all beginning with 'She Loved' . . . first was 'She Loved A Fireman' and then 'She Loved A Cop' and others. Dick called me 'Red' on account of my hair and I called him 'Red' on account of his hair. But my main memory of him is that he'd nearly knock me down between takes to get to the telephone.

"I seem to run to leading men who are either in love or married and usually both. Richard Carlson, for instance . . . when we worked together in 'Winter Carnival,' it was Springtime for Richard and the young man's fancy was lightly turning to thoughts of love . . . but not of me! Oh, decidedly not of me! He was a'courting of his Mona at the time and he spent every between-the-scenes minute telling me how exotic she was, how glamorous, how desirable beyond all other women. He'd look at me when he was talking, but there would be a glaze over his eyes and I knew that he wasn't really seeing me at all. I remember thinking that if his Mona should appear on the set one day when Richard and I were emoting it would be too bad for me . . . sure as shooting, he'd have pushed me out of the scene and dragged her into it!

"But they helped me, too, you know, Dick Foran and Richard . . . they helped me by making me realize that I was *not* in the spotlight, not in the spotlight *they* were focusing. I spent my time listening to their tales of their ladies fair and being their little Comfort!

"When I made 'Letter of Introduction,' Adolphe Menjou was the man and my chief, and I should say my first memory of him was one of Fear. I knew darned well that that picture was my chance, both first and big, and if I was to go through it scared out of my wits by Menjou, all the work Doctors Scott, MacMurray, O'Brien and the others had done on me would be woeful waste. Menjou appeared to be so serious. He used to sit on the set and sort of confer with the director and all. He bowed to me, very formally, and I bowed back like I had a stiff neck. I'm no good at this formality stuff. Emily Post would send me to the cleaner's. When I first meet people I'm usually on guard. I always want to find out whether they like me or not. I'm always apprehensive that they won't, rather than confident that they will. So, Menjou terrified me—at first. Then, one day, I discovered that he speaks Spanish and he discovered that I speak Spanish. And I can remember, but no one would print them, some of the ribs we ribbed in our different kinds of Español! He

got good and funny after that. He can do the circus barker stuff fit to kill . . .

"Adolphe has two qualities all women love, I think, fastidiousness and sophistication. Now, I'm fastidious, up to a point. But I don't pull my hair out over it. Or didn't, before I met Menjou. He makes a girl feel all ultra and beautifully gowned and furred and jeweled and Making the Grand Entrance and all that. He made me conscious that I, too, love beautiful furs and jewels and slinky motor cars and all that. I remember looking at Menjou and thinking, I bet I'd better get a manicure every day, and a hair-do, too, and not just once a week, as I do now, and that grudgingly. Menjou reads, too. That got me. I read, also, but sort of in spurts. I often found myself out of those Book-of-the-Month conversations. Thanks to Menjou, I'm right in the circle now.

"I'd overhear him ordering flowers for Verree Teasdale, his wife. So particular, he was. I'd hear him talking to her on the phone, asking her to dine with him that night just like they weren't married. Boy, oh, boy, I thought, he talks to her just like he talks to the girl he's making love to in a picture! He's the City Feller who's Been Places and Done Things. He's the cosmopolite.

"If it hadn't been for Menjou, I might have been pretty stiff with Jeffrey Lynn. We made 'It All Came True' together, you know, and Jeffrey is a very serious type. He's very serious about his work. He's very serious about life and all. He'd talk to me about Who He Should Take Out and what is the Smart Thing to do in Hollywood and all that. He's refreshing, really, because nothing is a racket to Jeffrey. Well, to my shame be it said, my memory of Jeff is one long memory of how I'd try to break him up in scenes. I'd come into a scene with a Groucho Marx mustache plastered on my puss. I'd pretend to faint dead away when he took me in his arms. Things like that. . . .

"And, of course, there's Cagney, there's Jimmy, the 'Pixie' as we call him . . . Eloise O'Brien named him that, by the way. I think my most outstanding memory of Jimmy is the way he worked over me so that I'd slap him the way he should be slapped in 'Angels With Dirty Faces' . . . after I'd whacked him, but good and hard, seven or eight times on the set and it didn't quite come off, he took me off the set and we practiced for one solid hour. How many times I slapped him, I don't like to think. I know his cheek was sore for a week after. But when the lesson was over I knew how to slap—and that's Jimmy. He cares about the other fellow's performance. He'll sit down with you, as he has with me, many and many's the time, as he does now on the set of 'Torrid Zone' and discuss with you *why* you do something, asking you if you *know* why you do it and explaining, if you don't know, out of the depths of his knowledge of psychology and humanity.

"Those are two guys, Cagney and O'Brien," said Ann, and her voice roughened with feeling she didn't feel ashamed to show, "those are two guys who *never change*. My memories of them will last me for as long as I live.

"Pretty good memories, all of them, aren't they . . . the kind I'll never forget to remember. . . ."

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On Tour with a Prima Donna

[Continued from page 23]

number three slipper. She's so delightfully human about it (*show me someone who doesn't get mad occasionally and I will show you a moron*) that I think we might as well let her have her little kicks without accusing her of being a temperamental prima donna.

A goodly portion of the population of Dallas was waiting at the station, even at that ungodly hour, and there was quite a ripple of excitement when Jeanette stepped off the train, slim, beautiful, svelte, every inch the movie queen, except for a small scuff on the toe of her slipper. With her sparkling smile she immediately won over the gaping fans who, polite and worshipful, crowded around her with their autograph books. And not a one of those books did Jeanette miss. Even when a chilling blast from the Texas plains whipped her skirts about her, with dire threats of pneumonia, or at least a cold, the scourge of the prima donna. Even when an official busybody swooped down on her and suggested that she sneak out the back way where she had a car waiting and avoid "all this bother," meaning the eager fans. "They aren't any bother," Jeanette hastily assured her. "If they want to see me badly enough to get up this early I certainly have no intention of running out on them."

No matter how large the crowds at the station, and in El Paso and Shreveport there were more than fifteen hundred, Jeanette never has dodged them. Mingling with the people holds no more terror for her than it does for Queen Elizabeth, and many a Hollywood star, screaming about claustrophobia, though I won't name names, could well afford to take lessons in friendliness from her. I must say I was awfully proud of Jeanette. Confucius say fan writer— Oh, well.

After anything but a birdlike breakfast (*oatmeal, my dear, and with cream and sugar*) Jeanette received the Dallas press, and college kids who were studying journalism, in a reception room at the Stoneleigh Hotel. She does this in every town she visits. Now I have attended these horrible press conferences in my day and always found them cold, constrained, and awkward, with the Great One looking bored as hell. But immediately Jeanette stepped smartly into the room with her personal abundance of what it takes to put people at their ease I knew that this press interview would be different. She had the glamour all right, but it was quite painless.

The two most frequent questions asked Jeanette by the reporters in various cities are, "What is your favorite picture?" and "Why haven't you made a picture with your husband, Gene Raymond?" Her answer to the first is "Maytime" and to the second she says, "My studio has an idea that the public does not want to see husband and wife in the leading roles of a picture." She adds that she does not agree with the studio.

I jotted down a few of the questions asked her that day at the Stoneleigh: "What is the color of your hair, Miss MacDonald? In some Technicolor films

it's dark brown, in some it's yellow?" Jeanette answered, "Carrot topped."

"Is it difficult to maintain a normal home life in Hollywood?" Jeanette replied, "I try to remember what home was like before Hollywood, and try to keep mine that way. I do all the ordering for the house before I start for the studio. I tell the cook what we want for dinner. But Hollywood makes many demands."

"Does movie gossip worry you, Miss MacDonald?" To which Jeanette replied that it did not worry her, but it did annoy her. She would like to shoot a few people for movie gossip, but she wasn't the shooting kind.

"What is your advice, Miss MacDonald, to the aspiring vocalist?" Jeanette answered, "Given a voice, the boy or girl who wants to become a successful singer must study endlessly, practice endlessly, and have a determination to succeed that is not beyond sacrificing every other thought and interest."

"What is your favorite color, Miss MacDonald?" Jeanette, chic in black, said "Green."

She tactfully refused to name her favorite leading man. But there was no doubt that Gene Raymond was her favorite actor.

Well, that gives you an idea. . . .

That afternoon we took a taxi over to the Fair Park Auditorium (*which seats 4100 people*) and I wondered how anyone would have the nerve to sing in a big hall like that! And wouldn't it be awful, I thought, if people didn't come! But that's one thing that neither Jeanette nor her friends ever have to worry about.

Wherever she sings, the house is always sold out. Jeanette ran through a few of her songs (*I can take the Jewel Song from Faust now without a murderous glint in my eye*) with her accompanist, Giuseppe Bamboschek, former musical secretary and conductor at the Metropolitan Opera.

Dinner was to be served in the MacDonald suite that evening at seven, and I who had been out cocktail partying, wouldn't you know, was twenty minutes late. I didn't know that an early dinner was of the Utmost Importance to Jeanette. But I wasn't the least upset that I had kept Mr. Raymond's bride waiting, so Jeanette decided to take it out on the chops. (*Now you can't possibly kick a chop.*) "I think they are fried," she said poking around, "and I just can't eat anything fried."

"Jeanette," I said in that tone I use on celebrities and small children, and which will indubitably be the death of me, "we are in the South. People in the South are very sensitive about their Southern Cooking, Southern Hospitality, and 'Gone With the Wind.' I know because I am a Southerner myself. We don't want you putting on any Yankee airs around here. Eat your chop."

I mention this because it had a kick-back the next morning. Jeanette likes to go for a long walk in the morning of her concert, so I made inquiries and learned that the nicest place to walk in Dallas (*really a beautiful city*) is from the Lee Memorial, along Turtle Creek Road, to the Dallas Country Club. We got in a taxi at the hotel and I informed the driver, "Drive us to the Lincoln Memo-



Lucille Ball and Director Ray McCarey beat out a bit of a Conga between scenes of "You Can't Fool Your Wife," in which Jimmy Ellison also appears.

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rial, please." The man gave me the dirtiest look I have ever seen. "The Lincoln Memorial, if you don't mind," I snarled. Jeanette giggled.

"We are in the South, de-ah," she said. "Southern people are very sensitive. Don't you, perhaps, mean the Lee Memorial?"

Several weeks later I received a card from Jeanette. It was mailed from Washington. You guessed it. It was a picture postcard of the Lincoln Memorial. A MacDonald never forgets.

What do you talk about when walking with a prima donna? Various and sundry things. How she hates cock-roaches she believes more than anything else in the world. How pleased she was with the little high school girl who stopped her in the hotel lobby yesterday and asked her if she was called Miss MacDonald or Mrs. Raymond when she was at home, and when she told her it was the latter the little girl said, "Oh, I'm so glad." How she can hear the drip, drip, drip of a leaky water faucet six blocks away, and how it nearly drives her crazy. (*Me, too.*) How she was frightened out of her wits by a flock of geese that once chased her for several blocks in Hershey, Pennsylvania. She was only seven then, and was singing in the city park. (*She sings in Hershey again this year, but I bet it will be fans, not geese, who chase her this time.*) How thrilled she was in Selma, Alabama, last year when a crowd followed her to a restaurant, stood politely by until she had finished eating, then proceeded to strip the table of everything, including the cloth, for souvenirs. How she would like to accept invitations for tea and dinner in the towns and cities where she sings,

but it is quite impossible on a concert tour.

The night of the concert it rained. A good old Southern cat and dog downpour. But it certainly did not dampen the enthusiasm of the thousands of people who had gathered to hear Hollywood's leading prima donna sing. In a shell-pink strapless evening gown, her shoulders swathed in a scarf, Jeanette looked like a very beautiful and lissome Aphrodite. (*Confucius say . . . what again.*) Generous with her charm, as well as her encores, Dallas took Jeanette right to its heart. She wound up her program, amid screams of delight from the movie fans in the audience, with such favorites as "Vilia," "Italian Street Song," "Indian Love Call," "Rose Marie," and "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." With the most unpretentious graciousness she took bow after bow. Once more Jeanette had the privilege of slipping unseen out of a side entrance, but again she refused to run out on her fans who were practically tearing down the stage door. With the rain pattering down relentlessly on her new ermine coat Jeanette walked to her car escorted by hundreds of her adoring public.

She is very proud of an editorial which appeared in a Birmingham newspaper, and which said in part, "Miss MacDonald sings from the heart and her singing unfailingly reaches the heart." Which reminds me of the most wonderful compliment I have ever heard anyone pay a Hollywood celebrity. It was said by Hazel Hurst, the blind girl, after a recent chat at the studio with Jeanette. "Miss MacDonald's success," she said, "has gone to her heart, not her head."

"I'm a Harmless Vegetarian"

[Continued from page 24]

In 1930 he returned to Hollywood, rode to success on the vogue of musicals. He sang in "Lady in Ermine," "Mlle. Modiste," "Viennese Nights," and other musical pictures. Then the bottom fell out of films with music. Thus the demise of another cycle.

Pidgeon says he knew he had finished a cycle when he paused outside a theatre showing "The Bride of the Regiment." A large sign in front of the house announced *Walter Pidgeon will sing only once in this picture.*

"That," he says, and I don't blame him, "brought me to a pause."

"At first, I decided to keep on studying voice and wait for the inevitable return of musicals," is the way he explains it. "Then I took myself in hand. I realized I was typed. That this cycle in my life had ended. I gave up and retreated to New York. I decided to really learn how to act."

Pidgeon appeared in a number of Broadway productions, in "No More Ladies," with Tallulah Bankhead in "Something Gay," in "The Night of January 16," and other plays.

"Up to that cycle I had just stalked through musical comedies, bursting into song when the conductor tapped his baton on the stand in front of him," says Pidgeon. "At the final curtain, I had taken the chief woman vocalist in my arms for the closing tableau and I had embraced

her carefully so that my handsome hussar uniform wouldn't be mussed. Yes, I learned to act in that cycle. And it was an interesting training."

Came another call from Hollywood. That was 1935. Pidgeon came out, did extremely well in a Universal film, "As Good As Married," and was signed up by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He is still under contract to that studio.

You have watched Pidgeon in "Saratoga," with Clark Gable and the late Jean Harlow; in "Man-Proof," with Myrna Loy and Franchot Tone; in "Girl of the Golden West," with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; in "The Shopworn Angel," with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart. Recently, he has been doing Nick Carter. "Detectives are ageless," he comments. "Always remain undated. Hansom cabs can change into fast motor cars, but Sherlock Holmes is still Sherlock Holmes. Crime always is young. It never gets bags under its eyes. Never has to have its face lifted. Crime is eternally youthful."

Pidgeon goes after all his roles seriously. That is why he has made an extensive study of Nick Carter, who years ago stepped out of paper covered weeklies to win the interest of a generation now grown old.

"I like the Nick Carter character," he says, "because he is a *regular* detective."

Pidgeon hasn't sung a note in five years.



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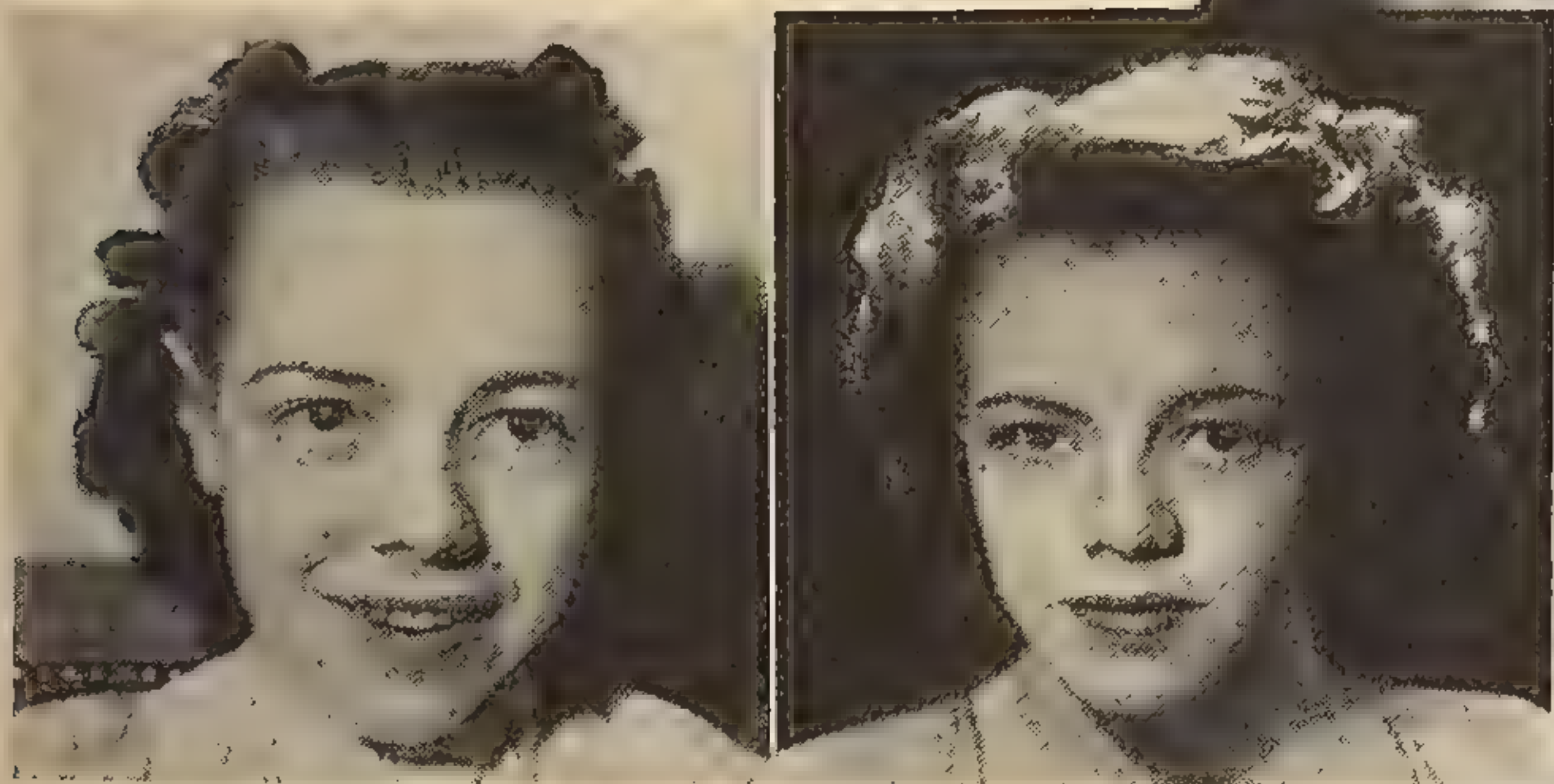
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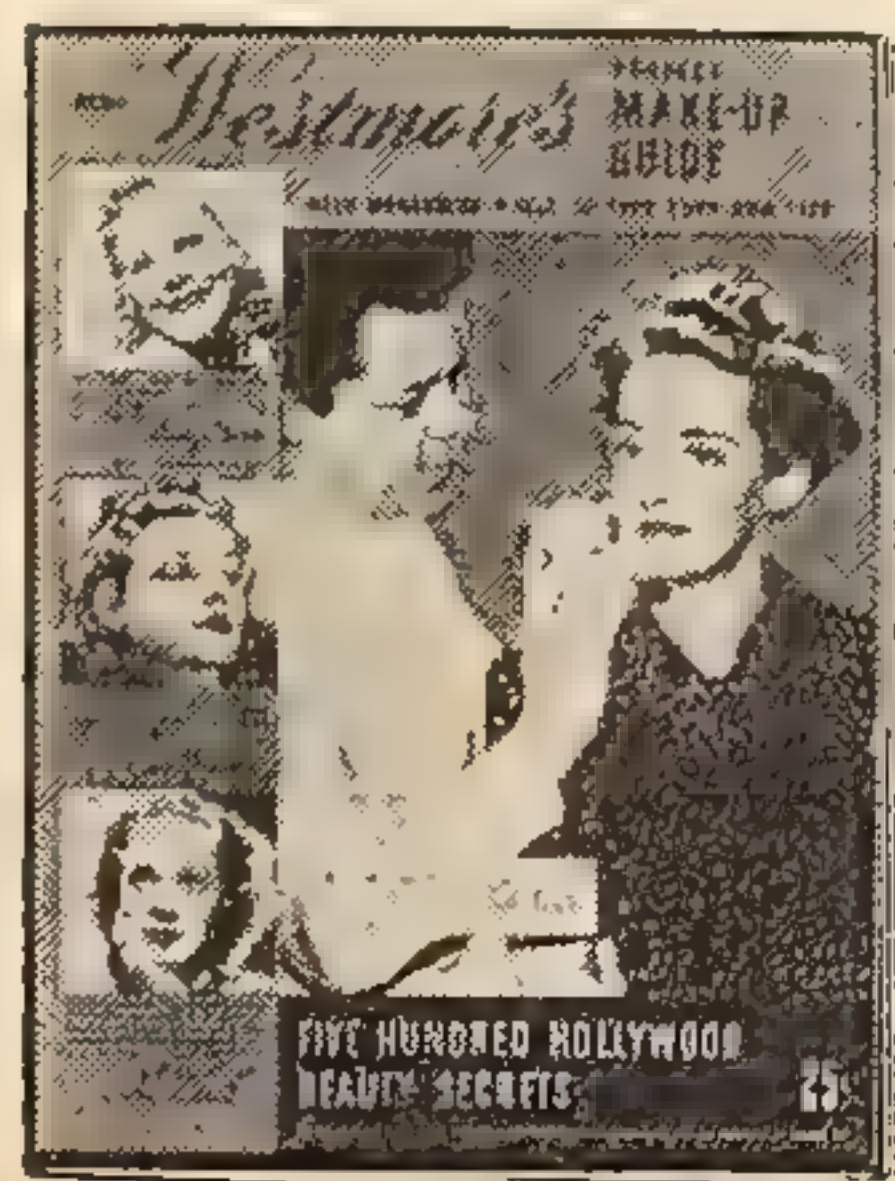


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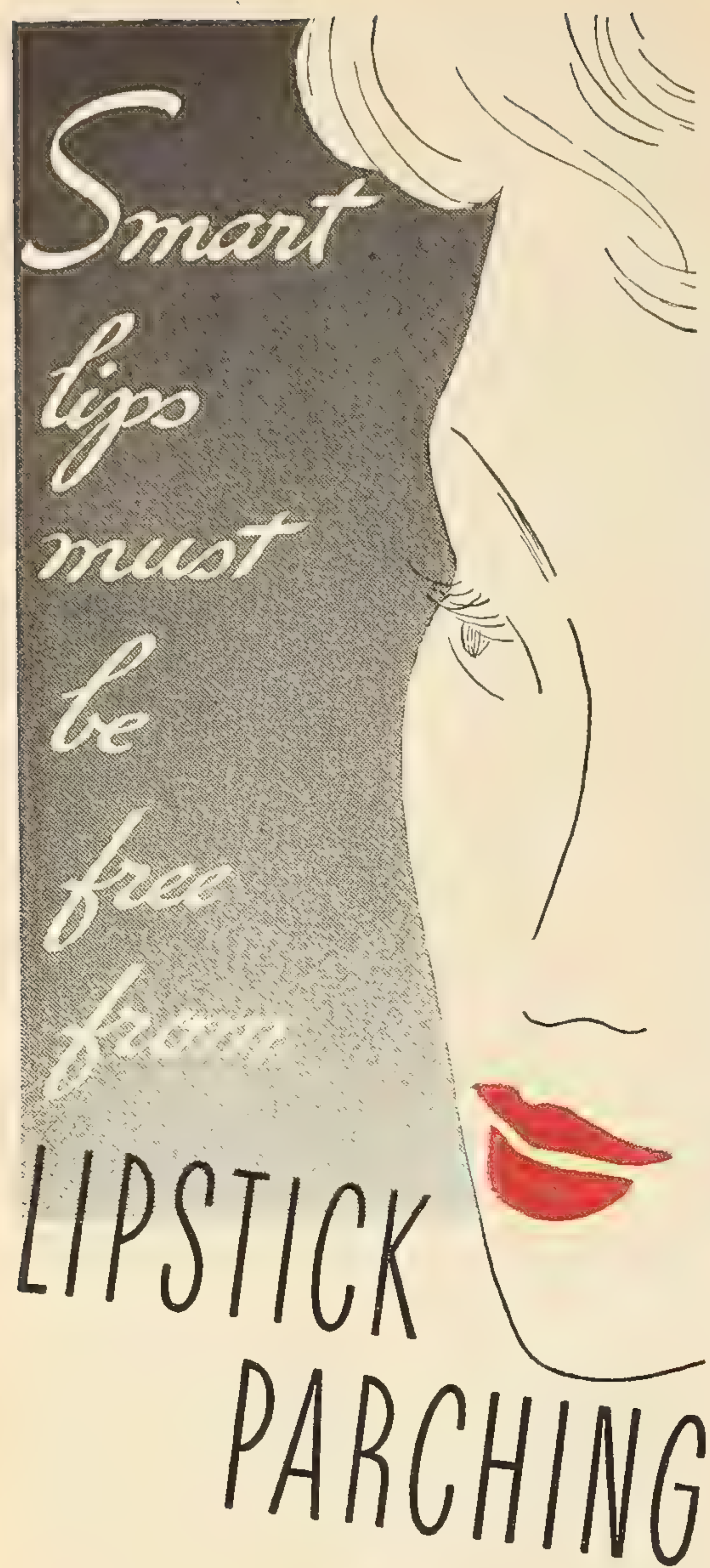
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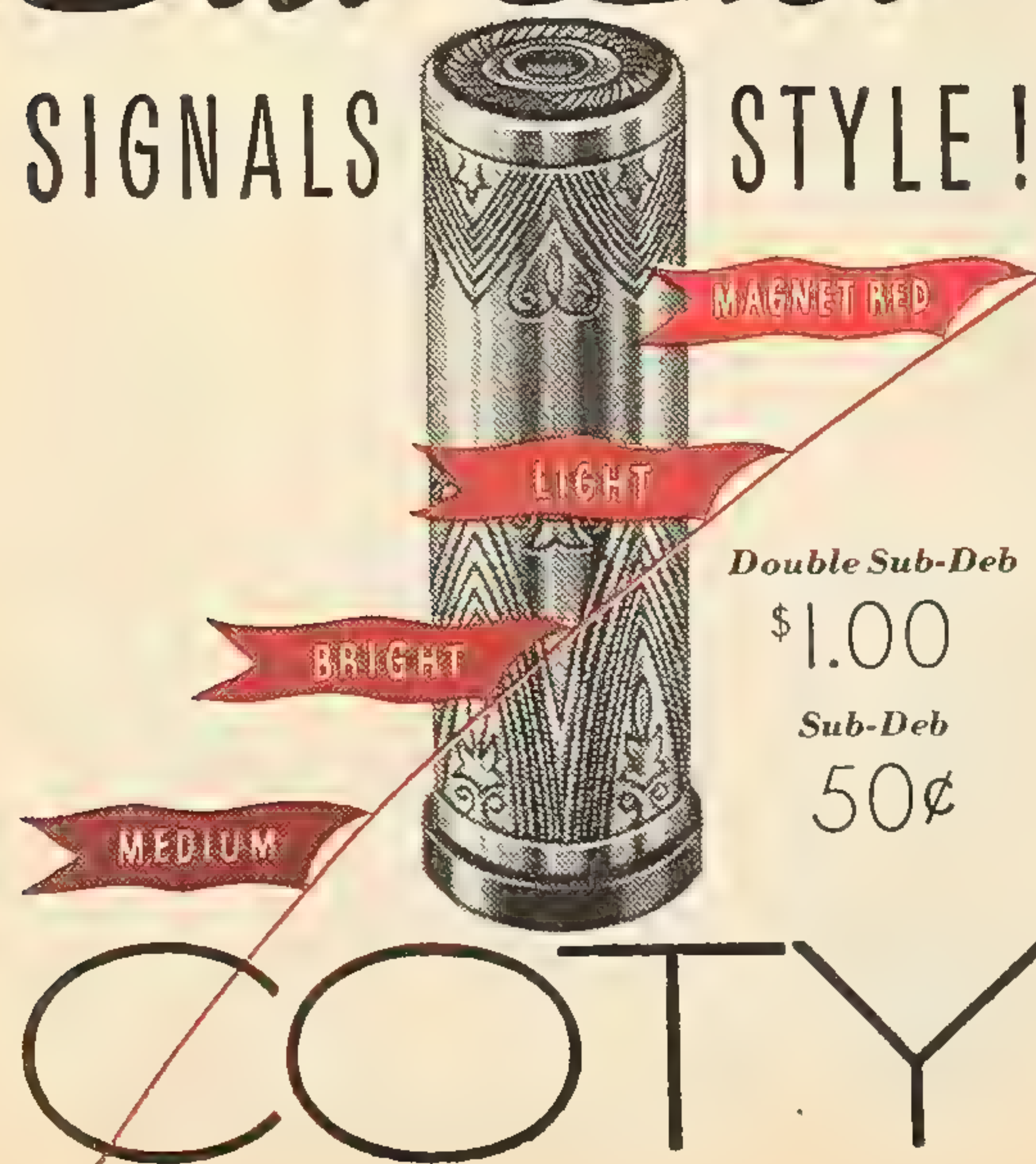


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"I don't sing, even at home," he says, "or I might be tempted to do it in a picture. No more typing that way. No more blind alleys. I still remember that sign outside 'The Bride of the Regiment.'"

Pidgeon himself says he is a bad subject for a story. "Nothing dramatic ever has happened to me," he sighs. "I've never been really broke. I've never had the gas turned off. I've never been evicted from my tiny hall bedroom. Maybe I'm just honest about myself."

"Probably, I have too many interests for an actor, for anyone, actually. To succeed completely you must be absorbed in the one thing you do best. That means pushing everything else out of your life."

Pidgeon has been riding the cycle of the last five years as a vegetarian. Maybe it is a kickback from the lasting impression of that dying moose. "I feel vastly better," he says. "But George Bernard Shaw didn't convince me. It was my gall bladder. There you have that damned honesty of mine. Better not tell that. It'll ruin your story. Yarns like this should be full of charm and triumphs over cold garrets. Gall bladders are something else again." Still, Pidgeon believes you think clearer on vegetables and fruit.

Every morning his breakfast consists of a pint of raw milk and a pint of orange juice.

For lunch he has a mixed salad. Maybe lettuce and tomatoes.

Dinner is strictly of vegetables. He eats

plenty of nuts and raisins. Drinks twelve to fourteen glasses of water a day.

I have said that Pidgeon never plays golf. He hates the game. Loves badminton. "A half hour work-out at badminton is as good as an hour at tennis," he says. Pidgeon never smoked a pipe until two years ago. Now he uses one occasionally to slow up on cigarettes.

Still loves music intensely. Plays the piano well. Likes nothing better than to listen to a good symphonic orchestra. Haunts the Hollywood Bowl when he has the chance and there is something good to hear.

Is interested in art. Admirer of Frans Hals, Seventeenth Century Dutch painter. Here it is interesting to note that his wife painted. Their daughter, too, wants to be an artist. She is sixteen, but never had any desire to try the movies.

Pidgeon loves to travel. Has a large library of travel volumes. He has toured over most of these United States, has visited every country in Europe except Spain. Has covered South America and the West Indies systematically.

He never worries about his business affairs. A brother takes care of them for him.

There you have Walter Pidgeon. The man to whom nothing dramatic ever has happened. Riding his third movie cycle—and doing a very nice job of it. But just about to start out in quest of a hide-away when the riptide comes.

The Iowa Girl from England

[Continued from page 27]

could listen intimately to people. I even approached a diction teacher who refused me as a pupil because, "... two months are insufficient to teach an American to speak English." She was wrong; I proved it."

And now Miss Lindsay was in Hollywood, wearing tweeds and sporting a walking stick and a very broad A—rawther! What, she wanted to know, did that word mean? American slang—oh deah, *you* Americans!

"And all the time I was dying inside. I said 'shed-ule' for 'schedule,' but what had I forgotten? Interviews? They drove me insane, because I couldn't remember what I had said the day before. Yes, Dad was connected with the British Embassy, but how many sisters did I say I had on that Tuesday interview? And had I danced with the Prince?" She attacked a Chef's salad and appeared to be somewhat impatient at the slow eater with the pad and pencil.

"While making 'Cavalcade,' I suffered agonies with an impacted wisdom tooth, because I don't work well with Novocaine and I didn't dare take gas. Under it, I might have started talking about life down on the farm in Dubuque, Iowa, U. S. A.!"

This "Cavalcade" movie was a considerable thing. Noel Coward, himself, insisted that the cast be strictly British and Director Frank Lloyd saw to it that it was. High praise this for Margaret and

her Dubuque-Harrowgate background, because she was playing the bride who perished on the *Titanic*. A nice part it was. . . .

"But I used to get little twinges of conscience about my false position. That is, I did until I inquired around and found out that Beryl Mercer of the cast had been born in Spain. That was some comfort, hadn't I been born in Dubuque? So what difference was there between our qualifications as true English people? Of course, there was one simple reason why she was and I wasn't, but. . . . Oh well, my name was on a contract, and my lawyer said that if I even called myself *Jane Doe* and had the thing written and witnessed properly, it was as good as gold. I was giving satisfaction and gaining experience. Why worry?"

But she did worry. She resented her false position down in her Dubuque heart and so finally she let Louella Parsons have the scoop—coincidental with a "Buy American" campaign—and the hoax was no more! Winfield Sheehan, Twentieth Century-Fox tycoon, was very gracious about it—Hollywood, it turned out, was a pretty good sport. Probably the only one who was at all peeved was the gushy Anglophile (*from Boston*), who had loudly told her at a party that it was a delight to hear a real British accent in a land of uncouth barbarians.

Her contract with Fox had expired and

she was wondering about it when Warners waited on her and offered a shiny new one. She signed with Warners just two hours before Fox called to say that they had almost forgotten that they wanted her to stay with them.

"At Warners, I found that I was with the 'stock company.' You know the formula. Same cast in every picture; do you think it's a good idea? Hugh Herbert? Of course, I know him, but I can *not* work with him, he breaks me up! And now I hear he's doing six parts in a picture—even playing the part of his mother!" She laughed a musical laugh and all of the male music-lovers in the restaurant sent over fond glances.

It was at this time that the powers-that-be decided that she should be glamorized, concentrating on legs and other charms in a pictorial way—a diet of nothing but cheesecake. Don't worry about suitable parts—lift that skirt! The results were to be as expected and a parting inevitable. She went over to Universal.

"That makes three stages I've been through. First I was English—then I was La Glamour and now Universal, with a chance for me to prove that I can act."

Universal gave her a short contract to make B pictures. They looked at her B's and tore it up. She's set to make A's for some time to come, thank you. You probably saw her in Universal's "The Under-Pup," with Gloria Jean; and most recently, "The House Of Seven Gables."

"I had a chance to do some acting in the 'Gables,'" said she as she ordered *Zabiglone* and waved *au revoir* to Lebedeff, who naturally had finished before we did. "I played 'Hepzibah' opposite Vincent Price and George Sanders (*she pronounced his name 'Sawn-ders,' said he does*)—and if Universal continues to be nice to me, I'll be a very happy girl.

"They've made a few changes in this classic, but they were necessary and for the better. How do I work? Well, in the case of this picture, I studied it as I would a play. It's true that they don't always give us the whole script, but they gave me this one. So when they spent the morning on Take 5 and jumped to 25 and 26 after lunch I knew what had occurred between those points and was able to visualize the action for myself.

"I like to think up my own business (business is the little incidental actions that are not in the script—finger movements, eye movements; things far more important than they sound). Then, if I don't agree with the director I can at least argue with him about it. Not that I'm running down directors! We need them so much, they're our audience on the set, they see what gives. But they can be wrong. . . ."

She described a sequence from "Gables." She was supposed to dash about the room opening all of the windows. Under ordinary circumstances she would be well-winded by this indoor activity and ready for a little heavy breathing. But in Hollywood you open one window, you are photographed doing that. You sit down while the camera is being moved and then you open another. It takes remarkably little effort to open *one* window.

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starched, old-fashioned gown and all—into a crouch and doing her most violent setting-up exercises. All of the Hepzibahs of old must have turned in horror in their graves, but the script called for panting and it worked. She reports considerable laughter on Stage 2 that day.

Miss Lindsay is extraordinarily bright and vivacious in an intelligent way. She doesn't gush. She is interested (*or appears to be*) in talking to you. She puts effort into phrasing her thoughts correctly and delivering them with a quiet emphasis that demands your attention. If you didn't know who she was and sat at the next table to her you'd find yourself eavesdropping on her conversation and saying to yourself (*or her*), "Who is this charming girl?"

She has made some thirty pictures of which she prefers "Cavalcade," "Green Light," "The Lady Consents" and "House of the Seven Gables." She doesn't like doing ingénues; in fact she won't. She hates flying in a closed airplane, it scares her. But put her in the cockpit of an open plane and she's right at home. Admits that trains are expensive for her, because she has to engage a drawing room. An upper or lower berth affects her with a terrific feeling of being crushed. She knows it's claustrophobia and says so. She claims that Hollywood people know the word, do we think they're all dopes on the Coast? (*No. . . .*)

She doesn't go to see her own pictures, although she is considering weakening in the case of the last one. Her most highly-prized possession is a letter written her by one of the lowly Universal projectionists (*i.e., they run projection machines for executive screenings of pictures*). In well-considered critical terms it praises her work to the skies. She carries it with her everywhere. At this interview she acted like a happy child about a new dress that she had bought. She thought that she might wear it at her interview on the air with George Jessel. She feared that there would be a lot of kidding on the program, but it had paid for her trip East. She wore a ring with a red stone on her index (*next to the thumb*) finger.

In her school days she is reputed to have gone out for tennis, basketball, baseball, hockey and fencing. It's doubtful if she was as strenuous as all that. Today she plays a little golf and rides. "Not good, mind you, but I can stay on a horse and get by in a crowd." She has a pet ranch where she vacations and where she likes to drop in casually on a ping-pong game and allow herself to be persuaded to play. Newcomers get the impression that she's a poor player until she opens up with a phantom-fast serve that cuts corners and answers the doorbell while they're still waiting for a glimpse of the ball. She has a special baby stare that goes with the whole deceptive performance.

Her publicity swears that she has "chameleon" eyes that change color several times a day. We'll swear before any inexpensive notary public that they are hazel all of the time—fortunately. She stands a neat five feet five inches and the card the weighing machine gives her says 118 on one side and wishes her big success on the other. The hair is dark; nose interesting; mouth good. The effect;

very trim, very chic.

She doesn't want to be a star, because she knows that the path of a star is littered with danger. She thinks Myrna Loy has just about the right spot. Miss Lindsay's horoscope says she won't marry until she is thirty-five. When someone suggested that she might be better off single she protested: "Oh, no! And I'm very easy to get along with. . . ."

In saying that her acquired-English accent had been hard to get rid of she fell to musing about Europe. "I suppose it's useless to hope that Europe will ever again be the same as it was before the current trouble. I guess I should thank the Producers' Handbook for forcing me to go abroad before the upset. Don't laugh, but I should like very much to have a salon in France. . . ."

This girl does a little sculpturing—*sans* any pretension to great art. Admits she is untrained and mediocre, but likes the feel of supple clay in her fingers, which makes her more artistic than a lot of people who talk a good piece of modeling. She thinks Robert Aiken's sculpture is important—which shows definite good taste. In her reading preferences she lists historical novels, mystery stories (*gory*), and the works of Stefan Zweig, Rebecca West and Saki. She limits herself to one superstition and that a practical one—she won't walk under a ladder. She once saw one fall and miss a man under it by inches.

While she enjoys these diversions her real interest in life is acting. She kept her hands clasped to her sides so firmly in one highly emotional scene in the "Seven Gables" picture that she found them lame for some time afterwards. That shows great intensity, but at the time she didn't even realize that she was doing it.

"If, for some reason, I had to give up acting," she said, "I'd teach dramatics. I couldn't give up my work entirely." That horoscope only did a half-way job—this sort of person should never marry.

"It's such fun being here in New York," she said as we left the restaurant and started down Fifth Avenue. "I'm having a neat vacation. Nothing to do but sleep 'til nine and then spend the day being interviewed and photographed."

"When I'm working in Hollywood it's up at five or six and work until eight in the evening. Dinner until nine, study until ten-thirty, shower and beddy-bye for Lindsay. I can't see people and the men get crochety about it. 'You don't do very much,' they complain. 'I don't do very much!'" she permitted herself a ladylike snort.

"That's why this is such a vacation for me. Friday I'm heading south with a bunch of friends of mine—some of them crazy shutter-bugs, but nice. Just swim and lie on the beach and get sand in my ears. No directors, no cameras!"

That's quite funny because a "shutter-bug," dear reader, is *nothing more or less than an amateur movie camera fan*. With his 16mm camera he can be ten times as bossy as a Hollywood Peverel Marley or James Wong Howe. No cameras, eh?

The most significant thing that can be said about Margaret Lindsay is that she has kept her private life private. You have *never* read a scandalous item about her in any paper.

That is something, these days. . . .

Hollywood Visits Your Home Town!

[Continued from page 33]

Treacher seemed to be a solid foundation for "situation" comedy; Helen Parrish and Marjorie Weaver had youth and charm, and Douglas MacPhail and Betty Jaynes were sure-fire show-stoppers. The two vaudeville acts added to these served as insurance: I knew what Peg-Leg Bates and Vivian Fay could do, because I'd seen them do it on vaudeville stages.

But deciding on the players I wanted, and GETTING them were horses of different colors.

Miss Parrish, it developed, was scheduled to go into the next Deanna Durbin picture which would start the same week my company would be leaving Los Angeles. The studio suggested instead Nan Grey, also of the Durbin pictures. That was agreeable. A hitch developed immediately. Miss Grey, newly-married to Jockey Jack Westrope, didn't want to leave Los Angeles. She finally yielded at her husband's insistence. He pointed out that the experience and publicity she would receive were valuable assets. I was very happy about the ease of the whole thing.

The next morning, the studio called. Did I know that Miss Grey's contract called for her to be accompanied by a girl companion? I said that inasmuch as she was a married woman, and inasmuch additionally as several mothers would be along on the trip, there was no need for chaperonage. Miss Grey was adamant. Her

contract said that she rated a girl companion on a personal appearance tour and that was that.

Inasmuch as I'd already wired her name to the booking offices of the vaudeville circuits, and they had approved her, I was fairly over a barrel. I said that all right, I would spend \$200 additional and provide railroad fare and expenses for the girl companion. The next day, the manager of Miss Grey telephoned. "You understand, of course," he said, apologetically, "that you will also have to pay Miss Grey's girl companion a salary of \$70 per week." By this time, I was becoming a trifle slap-happy. "And of course," he pointed out, apologetically, "Miss Grey must have \$5 a day for a hotel room; \$6 a day for her meals; \$10 a week for her laundry and a separate drawing account for taxicabs, tips, etcetera."

Well, I got out of that deal as quickly as possible, believe me, because I feared that Miss Grey probably next would want the theatres to give her fifty per cent of the profits. Not that I blame her; she was driving as hard a bargain as her contract permitted. I told her that I thought it would have been wiser for her to be a mite more reasonable because the stage experience certainly would have benefited her, and the tour itself through key cities would have enhanced her studio value. And mind you, over and above all expenses, I would have been paying her the

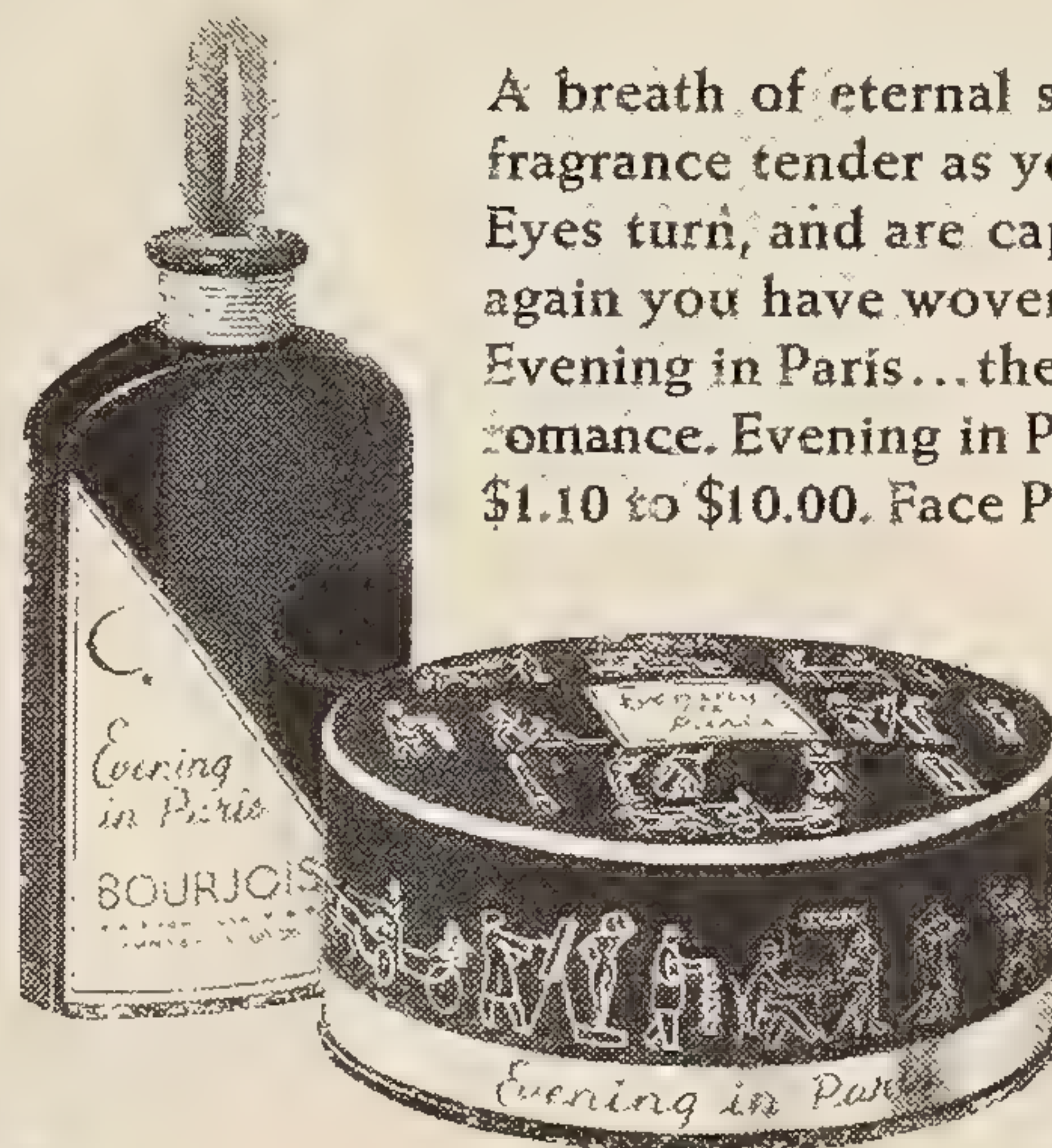
same weekly salary that her studio pays her. From any viewpoint, she had a lot to gain, and nothing to lose.

With a few gray hairs added to my crop, I continued to line up an act. I'd always enjoyed "Slim" Summerville in pictures. He had not been working in a great many pictures recently. Perhaps, he'd enjoy the opportunity to get out and meet the people and earn a salary for six weeks or more. His agents agreed that it would be a profitable venture if he could get \$2,250 a week. Young June Lang was approached. She'd go if she got \$1,500 a week plus railroad and hotel expenses for her and her mother. Old or young, veteran or novice, they all talked in four figures. I tried to explain that vaudeville did not have the unlimited bankroll of major picture companies; explained further that movies could pay huge salaries because a single picture played in 30,000 theatres. They were not even interested.

Pretty Miss Lang added (*and this was a typical argument*), that she preferred to stay in Hollywood, because "maybe tomorrow a good part will come along." I said that she could keep in touch by phone or telegraph with her Hollywood agent, and that a clause could be inserted in her contract permitting her to leave the show with a week's notice. I offered her \$1,000 a week and expenses. She turned it down. So far as I know, young June hasn't made a picture since our company left the



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Coast. She could have in five weeks picked up \$5,000 over and above expenses, and she could have done herself a world of good by being presented wisely on stages to thousands of people—without losing any movie opportunity—but she was not interested.

At almost every turn, you were confronted with this same attitude on the part of Hollywood players. To the man on the street, or even to the man in high positions in law, surgery or industry, a net salary of \$1,000 a week is a huge sum of money, as actually it is. Miss Lang was not the only one who sniffed at it. In fact, it came to a pass where I'd almost apologize in offering \$400 a week. You never realize how far out of focus Hollywood is until you embark on such a tour as this, and have to talk business with individuals who have been anaesthetized by the California sun.

Then, suddenly, when things looked most discouraging, Helen Parrish was again available. She was not needed for the next Durbin picture. In contrast to the lethargy and the lack of enthusiasm of others with whom I'd talked, Miss Parrish was a 17-year-old ball of fire. "I'd lov-v-v-e to go," she said eagerly. "I want to get on a stage, learn how to do things I don't get the chance to do in the movies." Marjorie Weaver was just as enthusiastic. "That's for me, Massa Sullivan," said Marjorie.

You could understand why these two youngsters have been successful in pictures. Such enthusiasm and intelligence couldn't be licked. There was nothing they weren't ready to do. You'd tell them they were needed for photographs at 8 a.m. They'd be there ten minutes early. You needed them for an extra rehearsal. They answered that was fine, that they wanted to be letter-perfect in their parts. You suggested that what they ought to do was to sing a song with Betty Jaynes, a comedy song. They read the lyrics and raved over it. It was wonderful. It was marvelous.

I was so amazed at this sort of response, after what we had gone through that I thought to myself, thought I, "Traacher and Lugosi are veterans. You'll find them more difficult."

Traacher WAS more difficult. I'd wake up early in the morning and he'd be sitting in the living room downstairs. "Sorry to bother you, dear old boy," he'd say, "but here's a comedy line that I think will improve that first entrance. Now let us just run over it once and try it like a good fellow." Likely as not, he'd drop in that afternoon with something else that had suggested itself to him. Meeting him and working with him, and daily being astounded by his keen and helpful enthusiasm, I had no doubts as to why Arthur Traacher has been a great success in the moving pictures. He couldn't miss.

Lugosi was another delightful experience. As courtly as his native Budapest, "Dracula" would do anything that you asked of him. "Perhaps, it might be better if we changed this word here," he would indicate. And you learned quickly that when he suggested a change in a word or a phrase or a sentence, he was speaking from a vast theatrical background. Perhaps, vaudeville was new to him, but the theatre was not new to him,



Paulette Goddard, whose latest is "The Ghost Breakers," with Bob Hope, is said by many to have the best form of any girl in Hollywood. Do you agree?

and his "savvy" or instinct for the right word or the right action was stimulating.

In the case of Helen Parrish, there arose a problem which was heartening. Miss Parrish, 17 years old, could not leave the State of California on such a tour without a teacher approved by the State Regents board. And every day on the tour, Helen had to spend three hours on her lessons. I say it was heartening, this experience, because I'm glad that California is conscious of its obligations to the kid stars of the cinema. Once upon a time, the youngsters did about as they pleased, but those days are gone forever. The State exercises a discipline that studios and even parents might forget to impose and that is the way it should be.

The entire preparations for the tour, while exhausting, were of intense interest to me. I thought after three years in the movie colony that I knew Hollywood. I learned that actually I'd never been behind the scenes before because meeting people over a business desk, and meeting them at a party are two entirely different matters. The false-faces you wear at Hollywood parties are laid aside in a business conference.

In lining up a vaudeville invasion, I met and talked business deals with perhaps fifty players; I met their agents; I dealt with studio casting agents and studio legal departments; I met songwriters, prop men, mask-makers, music arrangers, railroad transportation men, mothers—it covered quite a wide range.

These things I found to be self-evident: that the movie colony is divided into enthusiastic and unenthusiastic performers; players who had an exaggerated idea of values and players who had an intelligent scale of values; I met players who were smart and others who were difficult because they were half-smart; performers

who were tricky and performers who were honest and aboveboard.

Meeting all of them, a columnist could understand why some of them had been successful for years and would continue to be successful, and he could understand why others were doomed to a brief span in the public eye. The next time you are puzzled by the sudden disappearance of a favorite from the screen, analyze it from the standpoint of this article. Invariably, he or she will be found to have lacked intelligence (*as distinguished from shrewdness*), and judgment (*as distinguished from haphazard guesswork*).

Because what I've spread upon the records here for you to see and understand is not the case-history of a vaudeville unit, but the real behind-the-scenes story of Hollywood and its players. The pattern of this story is the warp and woof of the entire industry because my experiences with performers, on a small scale, actually can be extended on a large scale to embrace the movies.

Yet these vaudeville tours this season, I believe, have cracked the ice. We have been the trail-blazers. Probably eighty or ninety movie performers have made vaudeville trips within the past six months. Each of them returned to Hollywood with glowing reports of their experiences. Quite a few of them, because of newly-won publicity, won fatter roles at their home studios. Vaudeville safaris refreshed their box-office appeal in some cases and created box-office appeal in other cases. From now on, I feel safe in saying, Hollywood players will be more kindly disposed to a tour of the five-a-day, because they've learned that the mere act of meeting movie fans face to face is an intelligent investment in their cinema future.

The Girl Who Wanted to be a Lady

[Continued from page 45]

for it. She had that simple, expensive look people can't achieve unless they've been born to it.

But she hadn't been born to it. She was . . . well, let's call her Sandra Reed and let it go at that. And what she'd been born to, she doesn't know herself for she'd been left on the steps of an orphan asylum when she was a few weeks old.

Most people don't know that. She told me about it once when she was so unimportant that the news wouldn't interest anyone. And after she'd become important, well she'd become important to me in so many other ways besides being a celebrity that I wouldn't use it anyway.

I'll never forget the first time I saw her. I was on the staff of a movie magazine then and it was back in the days when they were still running beauty contests and she'd won one. Those contests were strictly on the up-and-up. The magazines were honest about them and the judges were honest, too, and so were the studios.

But being honest about them wasn't enough. Too many pretty girls won them who didn't have any more business being in Hollywood than a thunder storm has. They came out here certain they were going to be stars in no time at all and then some of them went home and some of them found their way behind counters

or waited on tables and some of them stayed to become extras and bit players.

Of course, a few of them did all right for themselves. Clara Bow won a beauty contest and so did one or two others who later became stars. But most of them discovered that it takes more than beauty to make a star. It takes talent and perseverance and courage, too.

I didn't recognize Sandra the day I met her at the train. She called herself Frankie Lee then and at first glance she wasn't any more like the picture that had won the contest than I was. I had to look twice to see that it was really her own picture she'd sent in, that the big hazel eyes, the pert nose and delicate chin were all there. She was dressed so atrociously that you couldn't see her looks for all the frills.

The editor took one look at her poke bonnet with the pink cabbage roses dripping over it and the wilted organdy dress and satin slippers and suggested I take her shopping for a new outfit before the studio sponsoring the contest saw what they'd drawn. What a time I had trying to force her to wear the simple outfit I chose for her, a pert hat that concealed the ringlets she had refused to part with, a navy blue polka dot linen dress that made her look as if she'd just come out of finishing school, with blue suede gloves and bag to match.

"They make me look like a hick," she rebelled, frowning at herself in the mirror of the dressing room. "They're so plain. They ain't got class."

Well, it was easier to make Sandra stop saying ain't than it was to teach her good taste. She wore the outfit when she had to, but other times when she was more or less on her own, she went back to her own clothes and there wasn't a thing we could do about it. After all, we had an option on her professional life, but we didn't have a thing to say about her private one.

The studio gave up after they'd cast her in one picture. She was on a one-year option, but all she did was draw her salary every week. And how she spent that salary! I don't think I ever saw such a frenzy of bad taste, but of course I couldn't tell her what I really thought of the wardrobe she showed me so proudly, the sleezy chiffon negligees and underwear, the pseudo-satin day-time dresses and the awful hats.

Every Saturday night she'd be down at the Coconut Grove dancing in the Charleston contests and sometimes you'd see her at the beach with some of the mechanics from the studio, her arms filled with Kewpie dolls and boudoir lamps and the rest of the junk she'd won at shooting galleries and the other games down there.

She was the hey hey girl of Hollywood

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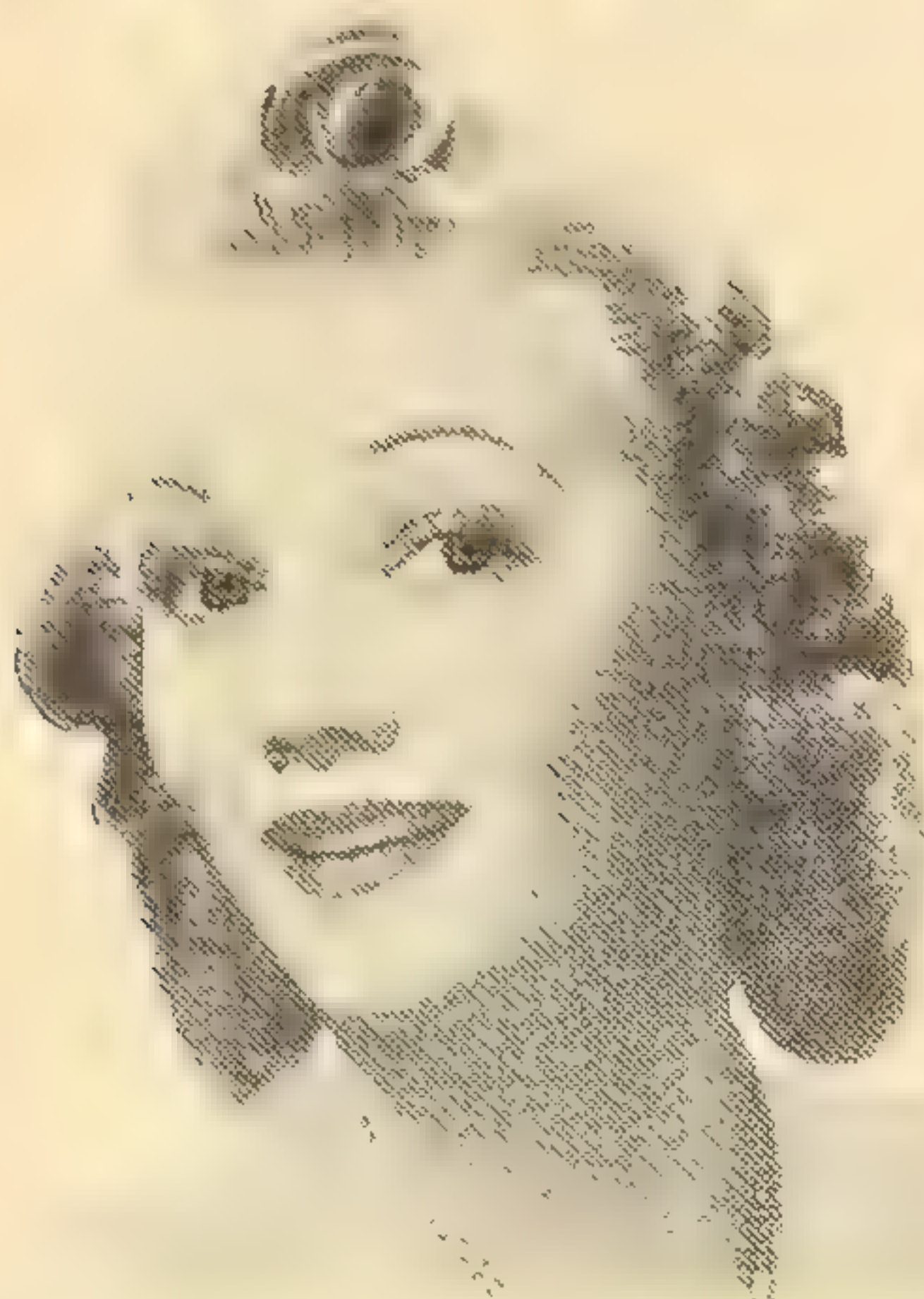
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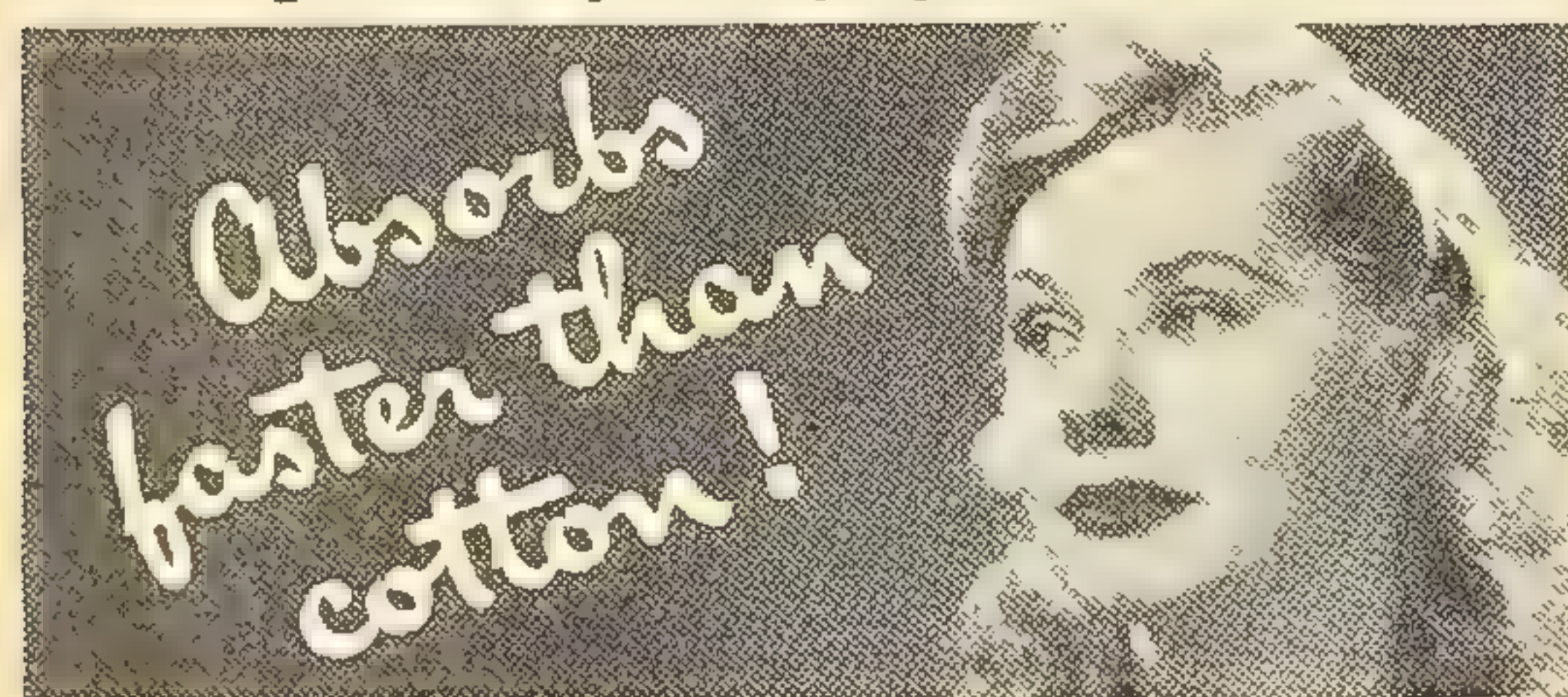
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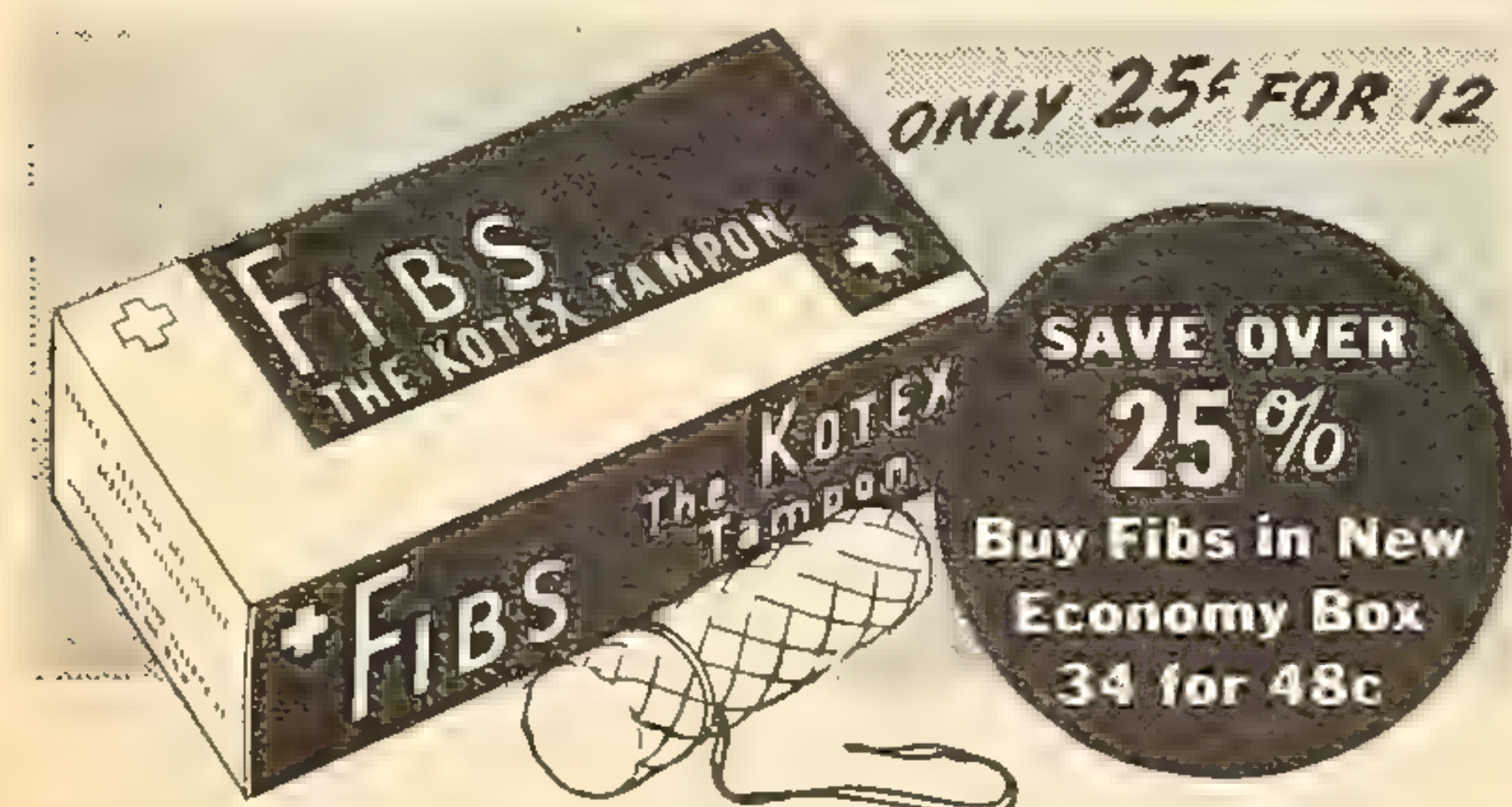
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and no mistake about it. It wasn't only her clothes and her atrocious grammar and the way she had of always doing the wrong thing. It was really her niceness that betrayed her as much as any of them. For she *was* nice, one of the nicest girls I'd ever known.

There was that friendliness about her for one thing. She liked people and she showed it and it didn't make any difference to her if it was a director or a prop boy or a star she was talking to. Her smiles came as easily for all of them. And there was her heart, too, that kept her from being wise. She couldn't pass a homeless cat or puppy on the street without stopping at a delicatessen and getting them something to eat, just as she could never pass a beggar without putting a coin in his cup or hold back her sympathy when anyone was hungry or sick or lonely.

But, of course people, who only knew her casually, didn't know all those things about her and so it wasn't any wonder that they shrugged their shoulders when her name was mentioned and dismissed her as "that cheap little girl who won the beauty contest."

One night a crowd of us went down to Venice for an evening's fun. We were passing a roller coaster and I heard a familiar voice hail me as one of the cars started up the incline. It was Sandra, or rather Frankie as I knew her then, and a moment later I heard her shrill cries as the car started down the first dip.

"Wasn't that young Marland with Frankie?" one of the people with me asked. And then, "Leave it to him to pick a girl like that. His mother and father are beside themselves over him. They say he's drunk all the time now."

I'd never met Johnny Marland but I'd heard enough about him. He came from one of the best Santa Barbara families, as well as one of the wealthiest, and he'd been spoiled since he was a baby. He was the delight of the tabloids since the time he was kicked out of prep school and they followed all his exploits from then on.

So I wasn't surprised to see his name in headlines the next morning, nor Sandra's either for that matter. They'd gone to Yuma and gotten married and his parents had gone to the hotel where they were stopping and taken him home.

It was a weebegone little Sandra who came to me that afternoon.

"I didn't know who he was," she sobbed. "He told me he didn't have a job. If I'd known he had all that money I wouldn't have gone with him, honest I wouldn't. I'd've known a rich boy like that wouldn't want a girl like me."

Crazy as it was she was telling the truth. You could say a lot of things about her and they'd be true, but no one could ever say she was a gold digger.

"I just met him yesterday afternoon," she explained. "I found a little kitten in the road. Its leg had been hurt and I was trying to help it when Johnny came along. He was so gentle with it and we took it to a vet, who put its leg in splints, and then Johnny called a taxi and put the kitten in it and told the driver to take it to his mother in Santa Barbara. It seemed like an awful lot of money to spend, but Johnny just laughed and said what was it for but to spend anyway. I

couldn't get over it. Especially afterwards when he told me he wasn't working. Maybe I was a fool not to know it was because he didn't have to.

"He was so sweet. That's why I can't hate him even after all this. After all I didn't mean anything to him. I didn't know it then, but I can see now that he was drunk all the time I was with him. But yesterday he just seemed gayer and friendlier than anyone I'd ever met. He looked so bewildered this morning when I told him we were married. I'm sure he thought I was just a gold digger who had married him for his money, but even then, thinking that, he was so nice and polite and all.

"Maybe it would have been different if his mother and father hadn't come just then. His father was so stern and I felt awful the way his mother looked at me, like I was dirt or something. And they wanted to give me money, like, well like I was something I'm not. And they said he was too drunk to know what he was doing, but he didn't sound that way last night when he begged me to marry him. He sounded so lonesome and he said I was different from the other girls he knew. I don't know how he feels about me now, but he loved me last night. I know that. He was so sweet and so gentle and..."

Suddenly she stopped crying. She looked different somehow holding her chin up, looking at me so quietly.

"I'm going to go places," she said slowly. "Just wait and see. I'm going to make something of myself. Some day they'll be proud to say I'm his wife and I will be his wife even if they do annul the marriage as they said they were going to. We weren't married by a justice of the peace. We went to a church and you can't break a marriage like that."

For the first time I realized she was in love with him. At first, I thought it was only pride. But now I could see her hurt went deeper than that. Her eyes looked tortured as she twisted the wedding ring he had put on her finger.

She began changing from that day. She began reading. Popular magazines first, then novels and then biographies and philosophy and essays. Her small apartment changed gradually, just as her appearance changed. The gaudy lamps and imitation marble tables and hideous plush overstuffed chairs were discarded along with her cheap little dresses and hats. She subscribed to house and garden magazines and the smartest fashion periodicals and by the time her contract was up with the studio I think she was almost beginning to like the simple, well-cut clothes she was wearing and the Early American furnishings in her apartment.

The day she left for the East she came to say goodbye. The annulment had just been granted to Johnny and I heard that his father had settled ten thousand dollars on Frankie.

"I took the money," she said. "Why shouldn't I? I *need* that money to do the things I want to do. I'm not going to throw it away. First of all, I'm going to learn how to be a lady and after that I'm going to learn how to be an actress."

I never heard of Frankie Lee again. And it was five years before I met Sandra Reed.

Hollywood had changed in the mean-

time. First, the talkies had come and then the depression. Heads toppled as freely as they had during the French Revolution. Most of the old stars were gone and everywhere you turned there were new faces to greet you.

Volumes of publicity preceded Sandra Reed to Hollywood. We'd all heard of her, of course, and known her Broadway success, but it wasn't until one of the major studios signed her that we knew about her charming little house in the fashionable Sutton Place section of New York or discovered she was an authority on antiques or that she spoke four or five languages.

The day she came to Hollywood Johnny Marland's father committed suicide. He had been caught in the Wall Street debacle, but no one knew how badly he had been hit until his death revealed him to be on the verge of bankruptcy.

It was strange that I looked at their pictures side by side that day on the front page of the Los Angeles Times and didn't realize the connection between them. Both of them looked vaguely familiar. Of course, I recognized something of Johnny in the older man's picture, but I couldn't place Sandra at all. It disturbed me. I felt as if I should know her.

A week later I went to interview Sandra Reed. She came towards me with outstretched hands, tall and lovely in the sea green housecoat that brought out the dancing green lights in her hazel eyes. Her hair was brushed until it shone and pulled back from her wide forehead, accentuating the delicate modeling of her high cheek bones and the clear honey coloring of her skin.

She laughed when I started to introduce myself.

"Don't you remember me?" she asked.

It was her laugh I recognized. Her voice had changed, become deeper and huskier and I couldn't believe it was Frankie speaking in that soft, cultured tone. Somehow, it made me believe in miracles seeing this woman who had once been Frankie.

The story I could have written about Sandra would have caused a sensation. The story I did write was the usual success story. There was no mention of Frankie in it.

It was amusing to stand by and see Sandra conquer Hollywood. Of course most of the people she had met in her brief period as Frankie were gone, but some of them were left. But none of them recognized her. I wondered what they would think if they knew that the woman whose friendship they sought so eagerly was the girl they had looked down on and snubbed.

She never mentioned Johnny, not even on the day I was with her when she bought the Marland home in Santa Barbara. No one knew about the purchase, because the papers were signed in her own name which was neither Frankie nor Sandra. Then, through someone close to the Marlands, I learned that Johnny's mother was still living in the house through courtesy of the new owner and that she had received a lawyer's check for ten thousand dollars and a letter saying it was from a friend who had owed that money to her husband.

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own conclusions. I did. But Sandra never said a word.

We didn't hear anything at all about Johnny in those days. Just after his father died he had gone to all his old friends looking for a job, but no one took him seriously. Then, one day the papers ran headlines about him again. Only this time they weren't about the old, gay Johnny who had never given a thought to anything but fun. They were about another Johnny who had tried to build a new world when his old one had crashed around him and who had walked country roads looking for work and found it sometimes when farmers had needed extra help in planting and harvesting and who had gone hungry the rest of the time.

They found him lying on a roadside weak from hunger and exhaustion with a stray dog he'd picked up in his wandering standing guard over him and took him to a hospital. And somehow I wasn't surprised when Sandra called me that morning.

An hour later we were on our way to the hospital in Bakersfield.

"I've made arrangements for the dog to be taken to my place," she told me, her eyes clouding with tears. "It's like Johnny, isn't it, picking up a stray dog to take care of when he didn't have enough to eat himself."

She was nervous and so near tears that I went into the hospital with her when she asked me to. I'll never forget the excitement of the nurses when they recognized her and the looks on the sick men's faces when she walked into the ward.

I'd never have known Johnny. But Sandra did. He was lying on a bed at the far end of the room and he was so thin and white I was afraid she had found him too late. There was nothing of the old carefree Johnny about him then. Sandra caught on to my hand and held it when she saw him and she was trembling so I thought she was going to keel over. Then she started to walk towards him and her chin lifted and she smiled.

"Remember me?" she asked, as she took his hand. "I'm your wife."

For a moment the old Johnny came back with his grin. You could see he thought the whole thing was some sort of fantastic joke.

"No," he shook his head. "I had a wife once, but they took her away from me, just as they used to take candy from me when I was a kid. Because they thought she wasn't good for me either. She was a nice little kid, too. I wish I'd known her better."

"They should have let us try it, shouldn't they Johnny?" Sandra whispered.

He looked at her then and suddenly he knew it wasn't a joke. He tried to say something, but the words wouldn't come.

"I'm taking you home, Johnny," Sandra said slowly. "I've... I've always thought I wanted to know you better. I thought you were a nice kid, too."

It was a strange courtship with a man falling in love with his own wife and fighting against it, because he thought he was unworthy of her. Then after a while he didn't fight any more, because he couldn't stop loving her no matter how much he tried. So he started fighting



Wanda McKay, dainty Paramount starlet, looking too darling for words in her cute B. V. D. swim suit.

other things instead, the world that had turned its back on him and the bad luck that had pursued him since his father died.

And it's funny how bad luck goes when a man stops accepting it. Johnny's first job was unimportant in everything except that he'd gotten it himself with no one helping him. It was funny at first seeing him turn into a business man, but after a while we all began to expect things of him and no one was terribly surprised when he became vice-president of the firm he'd started with as salesman.

Sandra retired when she knew the baby was coming and now they're all living in the old house at Santa Barbara and I don't think a woman was ever so proud of her daughter-in-law as Mrs. Marland is of Sandra.

"I always wanted Johnny to marry a lady," she told me the last time I was out there. "And I'm so happy he did."

She means that, too, even though she knows everything about Sandra there is to know. But living with her has taught Johnny's mother things, too. You can't be with Sandra and continue to see things only with your eyes. Somehow, in spite of yourself, you see them the way Sandra does, with your heart!

The Ugly Duckling Who Became A Swan

[Continued from page 36]

affection on his mistress.

"Mother was married shortly before last Christmas," Judy continued as we settled ourselves comfortably in beach chairs on the sun-drenched patio. "She spends part of the week here and the other part at Santa Paula—where she is Mrs. Gilmore. I really have two homes. Sue, my older sister (*she's 24*), is here with me. Mother put it straight to us girls whether she should marry or not. We told her to go right ahead. Now some day, when I get to be twenty-one or two and find the right boy, and want to get married, I won't have to worry about mother being left alone. She's very happy."

Judy's mother will tell you that her youngest daughter might make a good press agent. Mrs. Garland had decided to keep her new marriage quiet. But Judy was so thrilled, she called up every columnist and radio broadcaster in town, even wiring Walter Winchell, to give him an "exclusive scoop" that her mother was slipping off secretly to Yuma to be married that night.

Since there's been so much to-do about a romance between Judy and Mickey Rooney, I asked her if it were true.

"Mickey's about the nicest and, at the same time, the funniest boy," she replied. "He's terribly restless and full of energy, you know. He never can sit still for more than a minute—then he must be up and doing. He'll call up suddenly and ask for a date. If I tell him I already have one, he'll name every day in the week until he gets one. We'll even argue about it. He'll come bursting in breathless and we'll rush somewhere—to a movie or bowling alley or something. Then he'll bring me home and I won't hear from him for weeks."

"It never occurs to Mickey to bring a girl flowers or candy, but he'll sit down and eat candy from the box the boy the night before brought. That's the way he is," she sighed. "But I like working with him better than anyone else in pictures and I think he likes working with me. Even so, sometimes we tell each other off, but we always make up. I sort of suspect that Mickey reads about us supposed to be going around together in the movie magazines and wants to feel that he has sort of first call on me for dates."

"Right now we're making 'Andy Hardy Meets Debutante,' in which I again play Betsy Booth like I did in 'Love Finds Andy Hardy.' Then we're to make 'Strike Up The Band.' We get a lot of fun out of working together."

I asked Judy to tell me one of the most important of the many things that are happening to her in her rapid ascent to stardom.

"Going to the premiere of 'Babes In

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Arms,' my first co-starring picture, and having my hand and footprints taken in the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre," she replied without hesitation. "You should have seen my mother that night," she continued with a roll of her brown eyes. "This was really my first big starring role. I asked mother if I could have a very special dress to wear. She said that I might look around and find something and then I could let her know about it."

"My stand-in and I went shopping. Just for fun, and because it looked so impressive, we stopped in at Bernie Newman's. He had the most gorgeous white dress I've ever seen. It was terribly expensive, the kind Norma Shearer and the really big movie stars wear to premieres. He said it was so fragile, I really shouldn't even sit down in it. It was just made to stand and be seen in."

"I telephoned mother and coaxed her until she said I could have it. She spoils me terribly when I really want something very much. Well, when she saw me on my knees, in that dress, putting my hands in the cement at the theatre, I thought she was going to faint. And that wasn't all! After the premiere, we went to the Cocoanut Grove and rode hobby horses—and, well, there wasn't much of my dress left but shreds by the time I got home. But somehow mother seemed to understand that it wasn't all my fault and she was a darling. She didn't scold."

The telephone interrupted. It was Cleveland calling Judy.

"That was a friend of mine. I met him on my personal appearance tour," Judy

said on returning. "He's the nicest boy, calls up almost every day. His telephone bill will be as big as the national debt, I'm afraid. His family has invited Sue and me to spend a week with them in Ohio. We're going to soon, I think."

Since Judy's name has been closely linked, and romantically, with Artie Shaw's I commented on his marriage to Lana Turner. "It was a surprise to everyone," I ventured.

"Not at all," said Judy. "Artie's like that. Does whatever he feels like doing when he feels like doing it. He disbanded his orchestra and quit because he really didn't like leading a swing orchestra and playing for jitterbugs." The truth is that Artie long-distanced Judy and asked her advice before he quit, but he didn't mention his intention of eloping with Lana when he took Judy out to dinner at the Victor Hugo the week before he flew to Yuma to ring the wedding bells. Despite the difference in their ages, there was a strong bond of friendship between the former Swing-King and the little Swing-Singer.

At present, Judy and her sister are going with brothers, Jimmy and Jack Cathcart, age 21 and 24, respectively. "And made to order," laughs Judy. "We make a fine brother and sister act."

The younger of the brothers, who squires Judy, is a member of Ray Noble's orchestra. The other night Judy's mother arrived home at midnight to find Judy in the kitchen busily engaged in pouring cake materials into the electric mixer. "I'm baking a cake so's Jimmy and I can have cake and coffee when he stops

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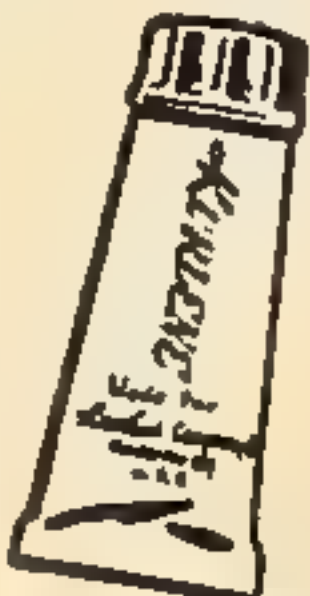
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by," Judy explained. Jimmy has to play with his orchestra practically every night, so much of his courting is being done over sandwiches and cold snacks in the Garland kitchen on the way home, or they play badminton in the mornings.

Judy makes three times her movie salary on the radio. Her present M-G-M contract has three years to go, and although she is one of the studio's best box office attractions, her weekly stipend remains around \$750 a week. Even so, Judy has practically everything that a girl her age could desire. There's her home in Bel Air with its lovely bedroom and sitting room upstairs designed for her. Then comes her sports roadster and her dog and cat. In her closet is a sports skunk coat and a winter one trimmed with mink, for her mother believes that Judy is still too young for an entire mink one. There're rows of simple girlish dresses and the one elegant but now bedraggled Bernie Newman model. Judy still loves to look at it and its price tag and visualize it as it once was. Some day she hopes to be able to afford another like it. She dreamed of a star ruby, but later reasoned that she hadn't better buy her own jewelry, for after all she wants something left for a fiance to buy her, if and when she decides on the boy.

When Judy was born almost seventeen years ago, her parents retired from vaudeville and bought a theatre in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and settled down to make a home for their three daughters.

"One Christmas Eve, when I was two," Judy says, "Daddy let me go out on the stage and sing, 'Jingle Bells.' Mother says they couldn't get me off. I insisted on singing it over and over again. Finally, daddy had to walk out and carry me off.

"When my parents moved to California and bought a theatre, they enrolled us in a school for training children for the stage. I was four-and-a-half when I played Cupid in a prologue at a downtown Los Angeles theatre. I sang, 'I Can't Give You Anything But Love Baby,' with a big sty on my eye. It came the morning of the show, but since I was supposed to be a trouser, I went on in spite of it.

"Gus Edwards saw us and said we sisters should be a trio. So, we became the Gumm Sisters and sang at benefits and wherever we could.

"A friend of mother's booked us into Chicago. By a mistake on the marquee, the sign read the Glum Sisters. That was perfectly tragic to us. George Jessel, who was on the same bill, suggested that to avert such a mistake, we should call ourselves the Garland Sisters. That's how I adopted my name.

"After an engagement at the Chicago World's Fair, we returned to California to settle down to school. Suzanne married and Virginia and I continued on singing together.

"A talent scout heard me sing at Lake Tahoe during a summer vacation and arranged my audition with Louis B. Mayer. Then I was signed to an M-G-M contract.

"My family and friends thought of course I would be a movie star right away. But I wasn't. It appeared as though they weren't going to do much with me. It was during that discouraging time that I walked out on that party when those girls laughed at me.

"But they made me so mad, I made up my mind that in spite of what they said, I'd be somebody in pictures."

And Judy is.

Imposing on the Stars

[Continued from page 41]

one's good humor and patience that are tried. More frequently, it takes on a more serious aspect, such as the time Dorothy Lamour was victimized by a visiting New Orleans newspaper man.

Dorothy was lunching with this chap from her home town (*she had met him once before, he assured her, down in Louisiana*) when he broached the subject of finances. He was leaving that night for home, he said, but since his check from the paper hadn't arrived he was in a spot. There was his hotel bill to take care of and a few other little odds and ends.

The upshot was that Dorothy, upon his request, advanced him \$250. He promised to return the money the moment he reached home. After all, she figured, he was a newspaper man and was interviewing her for his sheet, and he WAS from the old burg she still regarded as home. That the \$250 represented an amount far in excess of her weekly studio salary (*this was early in Dorothy's Hollywood sojourn*) mattered not a whit. She didn't consider this angle at all.

Well, you can guess what happened. Dorothy still is waiting for the return of that loan. Today, such a loss wouldn't cause any appreciable distress, apart from

a moral one, but at the time it created a highly embarrassing situation for Dorothy.

Lupe Velez suffered even a more disastrous ordeal. For years, the fiery little tamale from below the Rio Grande has been sending large sums of money to a government official in Mexico, for the maintenance of a hospital for the poor. La Loop became interested in the project through voluminous correspondence, in which so poignant a picture of poverty and suffering was painted that the soft-hearted Lupe couldn't send funds fast enough, and ever since has contributed regularly and generously.

Recently, Lupe asked a friend, on the eve of his departure for Mexico, to stop off and see how her hospital was progressing. Imagine her consternation and frame of mind when his report revealed that the whole thing was a fraud, and that the man to whom she sent her money was no government official at all but a swindler, who had been enriching himself at her expense.

The thought apparently prevails, and universally, judging by the experience of the greater majority of stars, that motion picture celebrities ever are ripe and ready

for the plucking. They are a generous lot, it's well known, inclined to be too easy-going for their own good, and for that reason are imposed upon as no other class of people.

Some time ago, for instance, when Anita Louise made a New York radio appearance, she met a young actress in the broadcasting station whom she believed unusually talented. She said as much, and told her, with her ability, she should some day go to Hollywood.

Later, the girl communicated with Anita and wrote she was taking her advice. Anita immediately wired an invitation to stay with her while getting settled.

Not only did the girl take advantage of this offer, but continued on as her guest as the weeks rolled into months. Indeed, instead of trying to find work, she made not the slightest effort toward furthering her actress career. Anita, who wouldn't ask her to leave even though her welcome long since had worn thin, rid herself of this individual only by being called back to New York for further radio work and losing her apartment. In all, the girl remained with Anita for more than four months!

Wayne Morris one morning was jauntily sauntering down Hollywood Boulevard. He passed a tailoring shop.

"Mr. Morris," he heard a voice call. . . . "I have something for you."

Turning, he saw it was the proprietor, who rushed out and grasped him by the arm, piloting him then inside. Wayne, still fairly new to Hollywood and with a child-like faith in humanity, although he had achieved some degree of fame on the screen, felt flattered, and when the tailor brought out a top coat and slipped on him he made no protest.

"Isn't it a beauty?" the man asked. It was. Fit him perfectly. He truly looked like a movie star in it.

"And it's yours," beamed the tailor. "I've been saving it for you. You're my favorite actor, you know, Mr. Morris." Wayne started to expand. So, this was Hollywood. This was what fame did for one. Right now it had got him the present of a snappy top coat. He'd heard of other actors who'd had things given them. He glanced at several other men in the shop, and grinned. They smiled back. This was his life, all right.

"You'll take it?" the tailor asked, anxiously. Poor fellow, he wanted so to do something for Wayne.

"Sure, I'll take it, gladly. And many thanks."

The coat was put in a box, handed to Wayne.

"That'll be just one hundred and twenty-five dollars," the man said. And Wayne had to pay. He didn't dare back out before all those people, although darting under the injustice of the moment. The man deliberately had humiliated him into purchasing the garment.

Warner Baxter calculates he receives requests mounting upward of \$200,000 a year from utter strangers, but he was irritated beyond his customary good humor—and rightfully, I think you'll agree—when he opened his mail recently and a one dollar bill fell out, accompanied by the following note:

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gesture of my great desperation. I need \$125. Please send immediately."

Nor was Richard Arlen's faith in human nature increased the day after he had loaned an acquaintance \$200 on a hard-luck story that the man had to send his wife to the hospital for an operation. Arlen, you know, is regarded as a "touch" whenever sickness is concerned.

The following morning, the actor was at his tailor's when in strutted the borrower of the day before, and, unaware of Arlen's presence, ordered two expensive suits to be made up!

Glancing over the mail placed before her by her secretary, Claudette Colbert had the surprise of her life when she read: "*For professional services rendered, \$1500.*"

The bill came from a man in Kansas City. It developed that some time before Claudette had received a note (*her secretary had tossed it away without bothering to show Claudette*) to the effect that this man had read she was suffering from a sinus infection. He proclaimed this was caused by certain impurities, and that he would work on it for her. "I'm working on you," a second epistle stated. Then, the bill. . . .

How admiring fans may be source for considerable inconvenience is evidenced in the time Ray Milland severed an artery in his hand and his wife rushed him to the hospital, not daring to wait for either the doctor or an ambulance.

As Milland jumped out of the car in front of the hospital, half a dozen women surrounded him and refused to let him go until he had given them his autograph. Only the timely interference of Mrs. Milland, who explained the emergency of the matter, prevented possible serious complications.

On another occasion, Clark Gable and a friend dashed out of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and entered a taxi, on their way to the broadcasting station. Clark was due to go on the air in a national hook-up, and they already were frightfully late.

The crowd espied Gable. And that was that. They threatened to overturn the

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vehicle unless he emerged for all to see, and signed his autograph for them. When he didn't leave the taxi, and the friend in his excitement shouted to the driver to go through the crowd, the mob actually started to make good their threat.

The actor solved the difficulty by leaning out the window and explaining the reason for his mad haste. He'd be back right after the broadcast, he promised, and would sign as many books and papers as they wished. With that, he was allowed to proceed. (Note: You BET he kept his promise. Clark's like that.)

Very often, stars undergo a good deal of embarrassment and a bad moment through someone's unthinking actions. Wendy Barrie won't soon forget the time that it was broadcast nationally she was about to be married to a certain twenty-two-year-old youth.

This young chap from the Middle West left home, and behind him a note he was going to Hollywood to marry Wendy Barrie. His home town paper used the story; which, in turn, was picked up by the syndicates and the columnists; and finally the news found its way to Winchell. Wendy never had even heard of the man, when the note was blared over the air from coast to coast, much less knew him or planned matrimony with him, as he positively asserted when he reached Hollywood.

Jeanette MacDonald, too, came in for her share of grief through the perverse antics of a sixteen-year-old youngster. Jeanette at the time was living at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, and daily the girl presented herself and tried to see the singing star.

In some manner, Jeanette learned of the girl and invited her up to her apartment to tea. Sometime later, she received a letter from the girl's parents, from out of the city, in which mention was made that their daughter was remaining in Hollywood as Jeanette's guest and that they presumed she would assume full responsibility for her while in the film capital. The girl had written them that Miss MacDonald had invited her to move in with her and that she had accepted.

A chance meeting with a man in Omaha convinced Humphrey Bogart that it's somewhat hazardous even to be reasonably polite.

At one of the city clubs, while visiting there, Bogey lunched with a group, among whom was a well-dressed young man who seemed to hang on to every word that Bogart uttered. As they parted, the actor casually remarked, naturally enough, that he hoped to see him in Hollywood some day.

Imagine his surprise, then, later, to open a letter from this same man, who said that he had turned down a well-paying position in Omaha and was coming to Hollywood immediately to accept the job Bogart had promised him.

Now, Bogart knew very well that he had made no such offer, so forgot the whole business. It was brought sharply to his consciousness again, though, when he received another letter from this man in which he threatened to bring suit if the actor didn't fulfill his promise, and recompense him for leaving his old job. How's that for nerve!

Although possibly they don't realize it,

friends of the stars sometimes put them on the spot and impose on them in unpardonable fashion. Louise Campbell recently underwent this experience, and she's still saddened by the turn of events.

Twelve girls, with whom she attended college in Chicago, asked her to get them jobs at Paramount, the studio where she's under contract. When these jobs were not forthcoming (even a star, strange as it seems, doesn't entirely run a studio!) they were extremely bitter, and audibly so. Several of them even had the temerity to accuse Louise of not trying to do anything for them, for fear they would soon usurp her in popularity!

And when John Garfield paid a visit to his old neighborhood in New York, and suggested an evening with old pals, doing the things they used to do with such high glee before he became a public figure, he was referred to very unflatteringly, and to his face, because he didn't suggest hitting all the most expensive high spots!

Particularly in a financial way are the stars taken advantage of. Errol Flynn, while on location for "Dodge City" in a small northern California town, was presented a bill three times what it should have been when he came to pay his dinner check at the hamlet's one restaurant. Dick Powell was sent a woman's household bills and those from several department stores. Investigation revealed she had done this because she had sent him a daily gift for several weeks, and believed he would pay her bills without hesitation.

When William Powell decided to dispose of his home some time ago, the one with all the push buttons opening secret rooms and electric beams and such, he placed it in the hands of a real estate dealer, and asked a fair price for the property. But no bids were forthcoming despite the fact it represented a grand bargain.

What he didn't learn until later was the fact that another agent was showing prospective customers through the house and that he boosted the price more than twice the amount Powell had set!

Again... Joan Crawford was desirous of purchasing the lot behind her home. She made the mistake of calling the owner, personally. The moment this party learned Joan wanted the property, he raised the price out of all proportion. Joan, finally, after waiting nearly two years to buy, dispatched her sister-in-law to complete the transaction. Only in this way was she able to get the lot at a legitimate price.

And along the same lines, Myrna Loy was forced to send an emissary to pick up pieces of antique furniture for her new home. The prices quoted her when she had shown up at the antique shop were doubled and trebled.

Whether people are quite conscious of the unethical practices they perpetrate upon the stars sometimes is a moot question. Many, in the thought that a movie star is public property, so to speak, undoubtedly believe that anything they may do is quite in order.

Wouldn't it gall you, now, if, like Irene Dunne, you descended from your train in a small Middle Western town to meet the members of your fan club; then were forcibly restrained from catching

Charles Boyer invites Bette Davis to have a friendly, relaxing cigarette between scenes of "All This and Heaven, Too," in which they are co-starred. Bette wears a \$1,500 orchid corsage in one sequence.



the train as it pulled out, to sign autographs? Yet, that actually happened, and by having to lay over until the next train, many hours later, Irene was forced to miss a vitally important business conference in New York.

Olivia de Havilland was holding a tea party in the garden back of her English cottage. Suddenly, two strange women (tourists) barged in without so much as by-your-leave, demanded her autograph and remained for the duration of the party.

During the stage engagement of the hit, "Of Mice and Men," at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood, Wallace Ford, its star, returned to his dressing-room and found there an attractive young girl. When his wife, a moment later, followed Wally into the room, she found the girl had thrown her arms around Wally's neck and he was trying desperately to extricate himself.

Virginia Bruce had to make good an I. O. U. for \$100 which had her name appended. When a crush of fans had descended upon her for autographs, she had signed her name unwittingly to the paper. And Barbara Stanwyck was "bawled out" unmercifully by an irate

fan because she hadn't written her signature as neatly as this fan imagined she should. (On this particular occasion, Barbara had signed more than seventy-five autographs and was late for a radio rehearsal!)

A fan, because she said that Judy Garland was her favorite actress, demanded in no uncertain terms that the young player send her through college. For many months, Judy received these letters once a week. Madeleine Carroll was accosted, through a ruse by which the woman claimed she had an assignment from a national magazine to interview her, in her own home by a lady from Canada, who, after spouting her admiration for Madeleine, insisted that the actress give her her old clothes. And when Priscilla Lane slipped off her slipper one night at a preview and set it on the floor beside her, the woman sitting next to her reached down and hastily made off with the trophy. Oh, it's a gay life the stars lead!

Do you wonder that the Hollywood folk try to keep to themselves as much as possible? On all sides there are those who try to take advantage of them . . . and they must suffer in silence.

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Reviews

[Continued from page 53]

will stop at nothing, and Madeline Carroll plays the young artist for whom the father admits his love after the death of his unloved wife. One tense situation follows another, as young Louis proceeds to wreck lives and romances. The big news of the picture, however, is the portrayal by Laraine Day of a young actress-friend of the family whom Louis betrays. Laraine, who has been seen lately in the Dr. Kildare series, gives a brilliant and beautiful performance which had the preview audience screaming their heads off for her.

IT'S A DATE

DEANNA'S BEST!—*Universal*

THE best of the Deanna Durbin pictures—and that's saying a great big mouthful, as they have all been excellent. Under the master touch of Producer Joe Pasternak, Deanna continues to negotiate the transition between childhood and girlhood on the screen, and gives a really exquisite performance. Deanna plays the young teen-age daughter of Kay Francis, a popular New York actress, who has no idea that her child is growing up. An aspiring young actress herself, Deanna becomes her own mother's rival for the choicest stage assignment of the coming season. She can't bear to hurt her mother, so bravely tries to keep her from finding out about it. In the meantime, quite innocently, she also becomes her own mother's rival in romance. Of course, the mother gets the man and the daughter gets the stage plum, and it all ends quite happily, but not until there have been some delicious comedy complications. The action takes place, for the most part, in Honolulu with Harry Owens and His Royal Hawaiians providing delightful background music. Deanna sings several songs including "Loch Lomond," "Musetta's Street Song," and a new popular song by Pinky Tomlin called "Love Is All." In a most beautiful and touching sequence she sings "Ave Maria." Walter Pidgeon plays the attractive young man in love with the mother, and who has an awful time getting rid of Deanna so he can propose to her. In the excellent supporting cast are Eugene Pallette, Samuel S. Hinds, Cecilia Loftus, and S. Z. Sakall. Don't miss this one.

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT

ESTABLISHES MAUREEN O'HARA AS A STAR
—RKO

ONLY a few years ago you saw Katharine Hepburn, a young unknown actress from Broadway, rise to fame in the role of Sydney Fairfield. Now it is Maureen O'Hara, young Irish actress from the Abbey Theatre, who plays Sydney in the newest remake of the ever popular "Bill of Divorcement." It will probably do the same for Maureen that it did for Katie. The picture deals with the subject of insanity, treating it in a most intelligent manner. Sydney Fairfield, on the eve of her marriage to a nice young man from Australia, meets her father, who has just escaped from an

asylum, and for the first time learns that there is hereditary insanity in the family—that her own mind is tainted. The drama, and grim drama it is, concerns the sacrifice of herself for the sake of her mother and her fiancé. Adolphe Menjou is excellent as the father, and so is Fay Bainter as the mother. Herbert Marshall and Dame May Whitty are featured.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

A MARGARET LINDSAY TRIUMPH—*Universal*

WITHOUT fanfare comes this surprise interpretation of the famous old classic, beautifully handled from beginning to end and serving to establish Margaret Lindsay as one of the screen's finest dramatic actresses. As "Hepzibah," Margaret gives a performance that is really something to write home about. Her delicate shading of characterization ranging from a sweet young girl to a bitter old maid when her fiancé is sentenced to life imprisonment after being falsely accused of murdering his father, proves conclusively that her talents have long been wasted. Vincent Price, as the impetuous older Pyncheon son, has at last his stride as one of the screen's most romantic leading men. George Sanders, the younger son, gives a top-notch performance as always. Dick Foran, Mile Mander and Nan Grey round out a capable cast. Let's see more of that Lindsay girl's dramatic ability.

DR. CYCLOPS

PHOTOGRAPHY A LA RIPLEY—*Paramount*

ERNEST SCHOEDSACK, the man who was responsible for "Grass," "Chang," "King Kong," and "The Son of King Kong," reaches into his imagination once more and comes forth with "Dr. Cyclops." And a novelty indeed. It is the story of a man who discovers a way to reduce human beings and animals into pigmies by means of a "radium ray." Eventually, of course, he turns his ray upon a scientific expedition who nosily invade his jungle laboratory. When the miniature scientists defy him he threatens to feed them to his cat—which gives you an idea. After much fright and horror and cold chills the Lilliputian scientists manage to outwit Dr. Cyclops and his cat by dropping him into his own radium mine. Albert Dekker, a newcomer to the screen, plays the menacing Dr. Cyclops. Janice Logan and Thomas Coley are the love interest. The picture is handsomely done in Technicolor, and there are more photography tricks than you can shake a stick at.

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY

ALCATRAZ TO YOU—*Walter Wanger*

GEORGE RAFT plays a likeable young racketeer who falls in love with, and marries, a pretty young singer in his night club—one Miss Joan Bennett. His lawyer, Lloyd Nolan, finds Joan pretty attractive, too, but when she will have none of him he figures out a way to have Georgie sent to Alcatraz, the house

cross the bay. Joan rents an apartment in San Francisco to be near him, but with Lloyd Nolan hounding her, and with Walter Pidgeon, young millionaire, courting her, her life gets plenty involved. Georgie breaks out of jail—very few people can break out of Alcatraz, but Georgie does quite easily—and there's lots of excitement at the club where Joan sings at night. Joan sings, and extremely good, too, two song numbers, "Chula Chihuahua" and "I'll Be a Fool Again."

BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN

HUM ON THE RANGE—Paramount

JUST when we were getting worried about all these terribly sad films we've been seeing of late, along comes gay and dependable Jack Benny to lift us out of the doldrums with as tuneful and entertaining a comedy as you'd want to see. Phil Harris, Ellen Drew, Andy Devine, Dennis Day, Don Wilson and the voice of Fred Allen all help out nicely.

Topics for Gossip

[Continued from page 57]

Myrna Loy says that one of the biggest thrills she had when she visited her hometown of Helena, Montana, recently was when the kids looked in the hotel windows while she was eating dinner and kept calling "Myrna." She felt like she was even years old again and ought to pick up her "jacks" and go out and play.

Afterthoughts on the Academy Awards inner: *Bob Hope was a life-saver and not the other speakers to shame. Bob's best cracks were, when he found himself surrounded with the un-awarded awards, "Why I feel like I'm right in Bette Davis' auditorium." And then, looking over the scars, "I knew these Oscars when they were just radiator caps." A grand pepper-popper for dull banquets, that Bob Hope. In wit he was only topped once the entire evening and that was by Y. Frank Freeman, fresh from Georgia, and the president of the Producers Association. After presenting the Irving Thalberg Memorial Award to David Selznick for his production of "Gone With the Wind," Mr. Freeman said, "I never saw so many soldiers as were used in 'Gone With the Wind.' If the Confederate army had had as many men we would have licked you damn Yankees."*

Hattie McDaniel, wearing a powder blue dress decorated with gardenias, and with gardenias in her hair, stopped right in the midst of her speech to have a good cry. It did everybody else. When Hattie, the first negro ever to receive an Academy Award, walked across the floor with her scar she got the biggest hand of the evening.

Despite the fact that "Gone With the Wind" won ten of the seventeen major awards, not once during the entire evening did anyone even mention the name of Margaret Mitchell. (*Why Vivien Leigh—she is surprised!*) But of course Miss Mitchell only wrote the book.

Vic McLaglen just can't help from bragging, he's that proud because son Andy won four out of five of his intercollegiate boxing matches at the University of Virginia. Three were decisions, and the fourth one was a knockout. The fifth well, Andy's not talking about that.

Miriam Hopkins and Director Anatole Litvak may call that divorce off and rearrange. Which would make a lot of Hollywood stars unhappy as "Tola" is one of the most popular escorts in the cinema today.

Highlights of the Screen Actors Guild Ball: *Norma Shearer in a breakaway dress (it breaks away at the waist) dancing with George Raft, and a very attractive couple they make. . . . Una Merkel drinking tea the entire evening, which is a good idea—anyway for the next morning. . . . Bette Davis dancing with her publicity director, Bob Taplinger, and shouting merry hellos to everybody. . . . Irene Hervey welcoming Allan Jones home from his concert tour with a cautious kiss. . . . Claudette Colbert doubling with laughter over the antics of young Mr. Mickey Rooney. . . . Joan Bennett, too beautiful for words, looking soulfully into Walter Wanger's eyes, while the cameras click. . . . George Murphy, a swell master of ceremonies. . . . Frank Morgan trying to explain the meaning of the Four A's and getting so confused he has to call for brother Ralph. . . . Marlene Dietrich dancing with tall Tim Durant with her eyes closed. . . . Queenie Vassar, who just made a hit the night before as the grandmother in "The Primrose Path," getting all the attention from the actors inside the Coconut Grove—But the fans, outside the Grove, all shrieking for Gary Cooper.*

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are the latest stars to take up aviation. They've bought a plane and are learning to pilot it. They've decided that a plane is faster than their station wagon for those hunting trips to Mexico.

Gadgets for Summer: Jewelry is the keynote to what the well-dressed woman will be wearing this summer—but of all things gadgets will be the dominant note in costume ornaments. Dame Fashion, as ever, will be taking her cue from the stars and starlets of the screen.

Gadgets in Hollywood run the gamut from paper clip necklaces to vegetables and carpenter's tools. Judy Garland dresses up her beige sports dress with a matching bracelet and necklace made entirely of the "jacks" she used to sit on the floor and play with when she was but a few years younger.

Bonita Granville runs her a close second in individuality. She has adorned her cashmere suit with a lapel pin that consisted of a miniature slate with her initials chalked in.

It looks as though Maureen O'Sullivan had raided the silver cabinet to find her stunning new bracelet. In reality, it is a spoon bent to encircle the wrist and has engraved on it the crest that goes back generations in her family.

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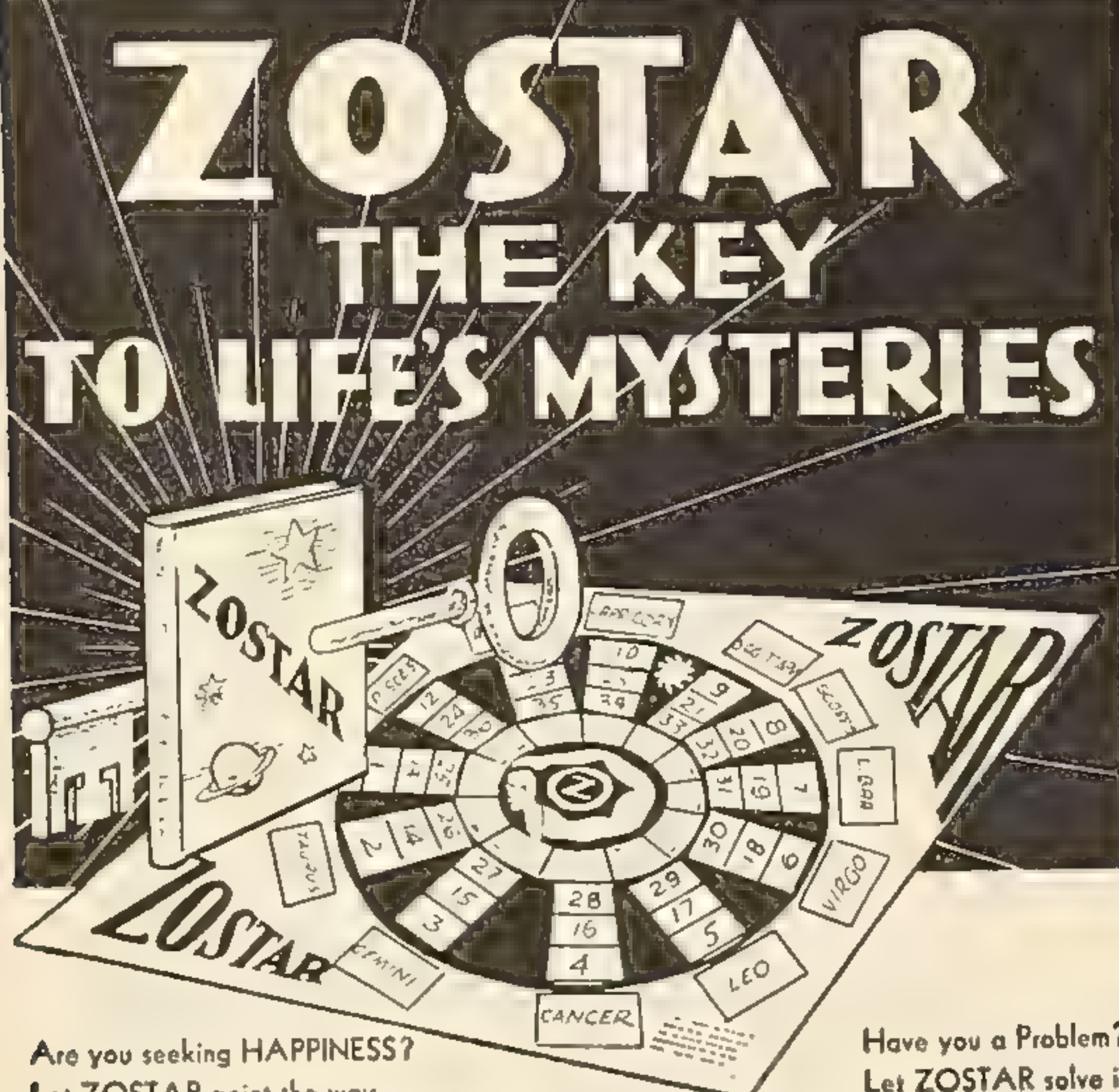
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Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 55]

judge's water pitcher and knocks it over, drenching His Honor and the brief.

"A fine mess!" Solon Bates explodes, leaping up. "How do you expect me to read a wet brief? This'll cost you—where's that thing?" looking for his gavel. He pounds his desk with it. "Court's adjourned!" He glares at Cary. "Harvard man!"

It's the last day of shooting and everyone is trying to get everybody else's goat. Once they hide the judge's gavel so he can't find it. Another time (when Cary tips his head back a property man is supposed to pull an invisible string to tip the pitcher over), the prop man doesn't pull the string and the water doesn't spill. Another time, Bates blows up and instead of saying, "How do you expect me to read a wet brief," he says, "wet scenario." Another time, between takes, Irene is sitting with her legs crossed and Cary gets the camera man to take a flash-light picture of her limbs. "Oh!" Irene exclaims, jumping up. "Just want to get a little leg art," Cary explains briefly. They're about three hours getting this one shot, but it doesn't matter because it's the last day and everyone has to be paid for a full day's time, anyhow.

I forgot to mention, Garson Kanin is directing this and if this kid (he's only about 30) isn't one of the biggest directors in the business in a year or two I miss my guess.

* * *

THE other picture on this lot is "Tom Brown's School Days," adapted from the famous best seller of other days. The scene is not important. Josephine Hutchinson (and wait'll you see her as the mother in "My Son, My Son!") is asking her husband, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, not to go out as he isn't well. I don't know either of the principals, so there's no use lingering here. I leave for—

Warner Brothers

I KNOW a lot of people here.

First off, I run into James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Ann Sheridan who are working in "Torrid Zone." That's the name of the picture although any place Annie is would be "Torrid Zone."

"Fine thing!" Cagney greets me. "We've been back from the Vineyard three weeks and not a chirp out of you. My wife is sore as the dickens."

I am tempted to remind him they can make out-going calls on their phone as well as I, but I'm always putting my foot in my mouth so I just say, "I was going to call you" and let it go.

"What happened to that story you did on my new house?" Pat demands.

"It'll appear presently," I assure him.

"Were you the guy who started all that stuff in the Harvard Lampoon about me?" Annie bristles.

"Maybe I shouldn't have come out here today," I hedge, and then I realize they are all ribbing me, so I decide to have a little fun myself.

"Say, Jim," I put it up to Cagney, "are you really going to fly back to Martha's

Vineyard for three days when the picture is over, just to be there when your mother has her colt?"

"What???" Jimmie howls.

"I read it in the paper," I tell him solemnly.

"For Pete's sake!" he explodes. "As much of this tripe as you write, you believe everything you see in print!"

"I beg your pardon," I retort with much dignity as I can muster (which is very little at best), "I don't write tripe."

"Not much!" Jim sniffs.

Bloodshed is avoided when William Keighley (who directs one successful picture after another) calls them for a talk.

Well, Pat's the heavy in this picture and Jimmie is Handsome Harry. Ann is the red-haired siren, who figures her heads will be a novelty in the tropics and Helen Vinson (who has decided to discard temperament for awhile) is the other girl. Anyhow, some bandits raid a banana plantation (of which Jimmie is foreman). As they dash away Jimmie dashes out of the bunk house and fires a few shots after them. Ann and Helen Vinson rush out and Ann knocks him up so he won't hit anyone. He and Ann are constantly arguing, but they love each other all the same.

"You be out at the house at 7 sharp," Jimmie calls after me. "We'll be on the feed bag."

"You're a cinch," I tell him.

* * *

ALSO shooting on this lot is the remake of "The Sea Hawk," starring Errol Flynn. When this picture was originally made it starred Milton Sills (deceased) and one of the loveliest girls I ever known, Dorothy Mackaill.

In 1585, England's fortunes were at a low ebb under Queen Elizabeth (Florence Robson) and its future was threatened by Spain and the traitorous English Chancellor, Lord Wolfingham (Helen Daniell). To bring their plans to fruition, Don Alvarez (Claude Rains), accompanied by his niece, Maria (Brenda Marshall), has been dispatched as a bassador to England. Among English heroes of the time are sea fighters who prey on Spanish ships and bring the booty home to fill their country's dwindling coffers. One of these is Errol Flynn and he is just now in the process of locating the ship on which Rains is a passenger. We find them in Maria's cabin with her uncle and her maid (Una O'Connor).

"Stand over there, please," Flynn orders the Spaniards, taking scant notice of them. "Burke, you go through the drawers."

"Are you the captain of these pirates?" Rains demands furiously, clenching the hilt of his sword.

"Pile the contraband over here, Burke," Flynn orders, not deigning to answer Mr. R.

"I am King Philip's Ambassador, Don Alvarez de Cordoba de Sev—" Rains announces in a helpless fury.

"Pardon me, sir, we're pressed for time," Errol says briefly. "Your ship

sinking."

At the word "sinking," Brenda and Una cling closer together. The fury of Rains is impotent against the casual business-like attitude of the Englishman. Burke (Alan Hale) has pried open a chest and found a case of jewels on top.

"Look, Cap'n," he chortles. "Not bad." "Don't you dare touch those jewels!" Una blazes.

Hale glances up at the sound of her voice and his face breaks into an incongruous smile of recognition. "An Englishwoman, by heavens!" he chuckles.

"But not very proud of it at the moment," Una squelches him.

Of all the character people on the screen I can't think of any I'd rather watch than Una and Alan (unless, perhaps, it's the newly discovered Queenie Vassar in "Primrose Path"), but there are other studios to cover so I'll be on my way to—

M-G-M

THERE'S plenty doing out here again this month.

"The Mortal Storm," starring Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart, is shooting. This is the story of the Jewish professor in Germany who was a world famed scientist, universally esteemed, until the Nazi regime got in. It's a sordid, harrowing tale, but engrossingly interesting. This scene they're shooting is not terribly important. It is simply a presentation being made the professor (Frank Morgan) on his sixtieth birthday by his classes. The scene simply fixes in the minds of the audience the regard in which the professor is held.

Between takes I kid Jimmie Stewart about his amours, for that boy certainly gets around. But the poor guy can't even take a girl out dancing without being reported engaged to her. "What would the columnists do for copy if you ever got married, Jimmie?" I ask him.

"I guess that's one of the reasons I don't," he grins. "I have to help them out. Live and let live, you know."

"That's a snappy little number you're wearing, too," I compliment him, taking in the Norfolk jacket with a belt going all the way around the coat—like I used to wear when I was in grade school.

Bob Young passes by. "Hi, Dick," he says. "When you coming out to the riding academy and take some of that beef off?"

"I ride Dick Arlen's horses—for nothing," I inform him loftily.

"How nice—for you," Bob murmurs sarcastically as he moves on. I, too, move on to the next stage where—

* * *

"SUSAN and God" is shooting. This stars Joan Crawford, but alackaday! Joan isn't working today. However, practically all the rest of the cast is, except Fredric March, who plays Joan's husband.

The set is the living room of the Long Island estate of Joan's friend, Rose Hobart. Joan has just returned from Europe, full of a new enthusiasm. She has just discovered God! Moreover, she has a new approach to God, learned through a Lady Wigstaff (Constance Collier). Everybody at Rose's house party is involved. Rose wants to get rid of her husband, so she can marry Bruce Cabot. Rita Hay-

worth wants to get rid of her husband (Nigel Bruce), whom she has but recently married, so she can marry John Carroll. And Ruth Hussey has always been in love with Fredric March, who is married to Joan, who doesn't love him.

At the moment, Joan (who isn't working today) is supposed to have Nigel Bruce cornered, talking away sixty-to-the-minute about God.

"That's been going on since before dinner," Ruth Hussey snickers.

"I heard her tell him if he wasn't 'God-conscious' he was nothing but an animal," John Carroll puts in.

Then the butler comes in. "Telephone for you, Mr. Rochester," he says to Carroll. "A Mr. Kraus."

"Why, that's his agent!" Rita bursts out excitedly.

"It's probably to say I'm not the type," Carroll remarks casually, stopping to light a cigarette.

"He wouldn't call at this hour of the night for that," Rita exclaims and starts to push him towards the door. "Oh, hurry!"

"Say, whose call is this!" Carroll laughs.

Just as they're leaving the room Bruce comes in, his arms full of tracts. Jealously, he watches his wife (Rita) and Carroll as they exit. The little group in the room reacts uncomfortably.

"Did you finally escape, dear?" Rose Hobart asks solicitously.

"Yes," Nigel snaps, starting towards the door. "I know all about the confounded Wiggam movement in Europe, Asia, Africa and the Bronx. And what she didn't tell me, I can read—she thinks," disgustedly indicating the pamphlets. "She's gone down to the kitchen now to hector the help. They'll probably poison her."

It's nice to see Rose Hobart again and, if she had looked years ago when she was a potential star at Fox as she looks now, her story in pictures might have been different.

But what I can't understand is why M-G-M had to hire her for this part when they have Virginia Grey idle on the lot and why they had to hire Bruce Cabot when they have Alan Curtis. However, I suppose that's more the stockholders' business than mine.

As I turn to leave the stage I notice a man whose face is vaguely familiar, but whom I can't place. "Hello, Dick," he says. I look again and almost swoon. It's George Cukor, the director. A few months ago he was as big around as a blimp. Now he has a waistline like a high school kid and his extra chins are all gone.

"What in heck has happened to you?" I yelp.

"I just got tired of being fat," he explains, "and I went on a diet. It was an easy diet, too. I took off seventy pounds."

"Gimme," I demand. I pocket the copy of his diet he hands me. Some day, perhaps, I'll get around to reducing.

"Come on," says Maxine Thomas, who is steering me around. "We still have a couple of other sets to cover."

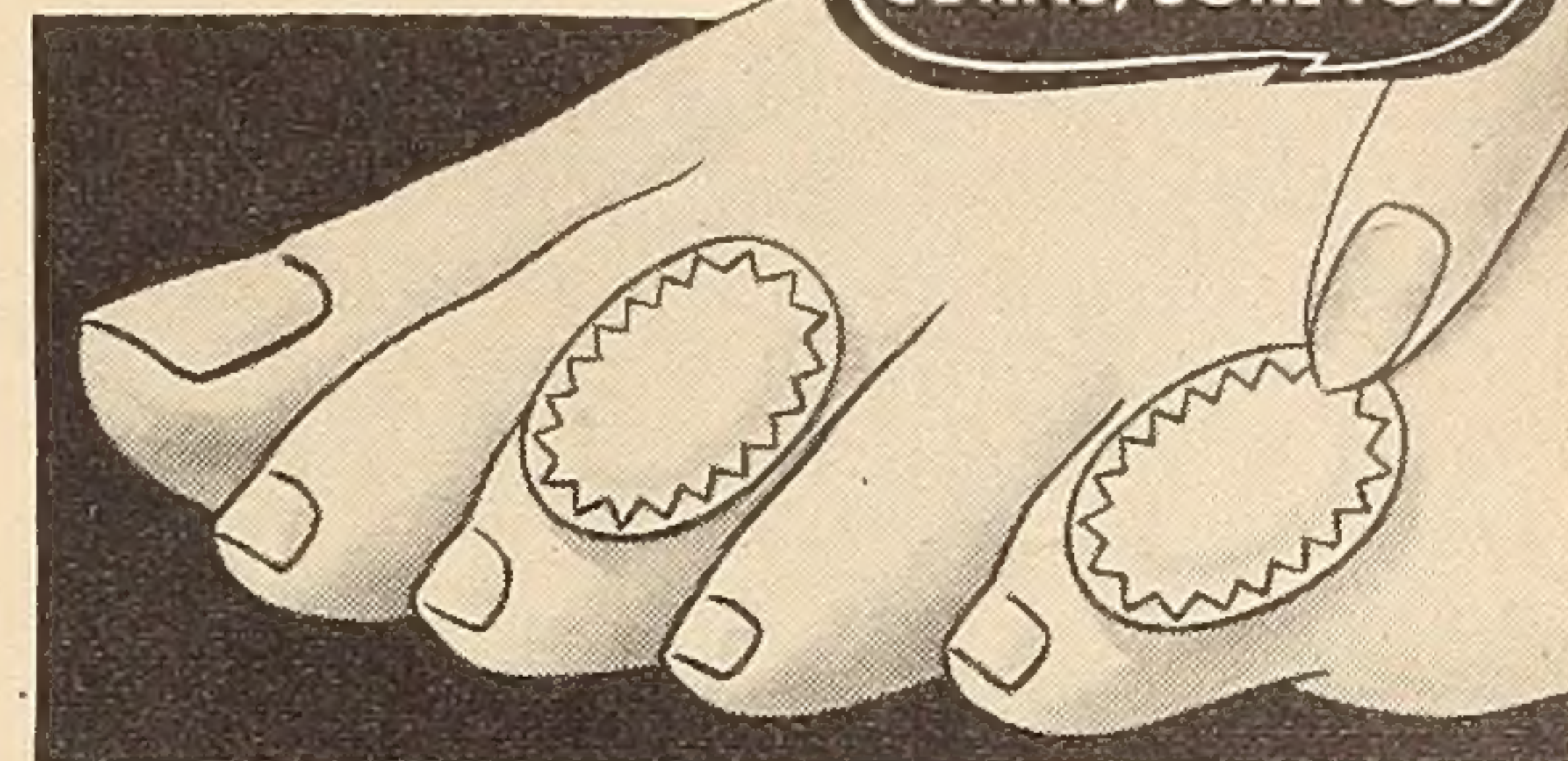
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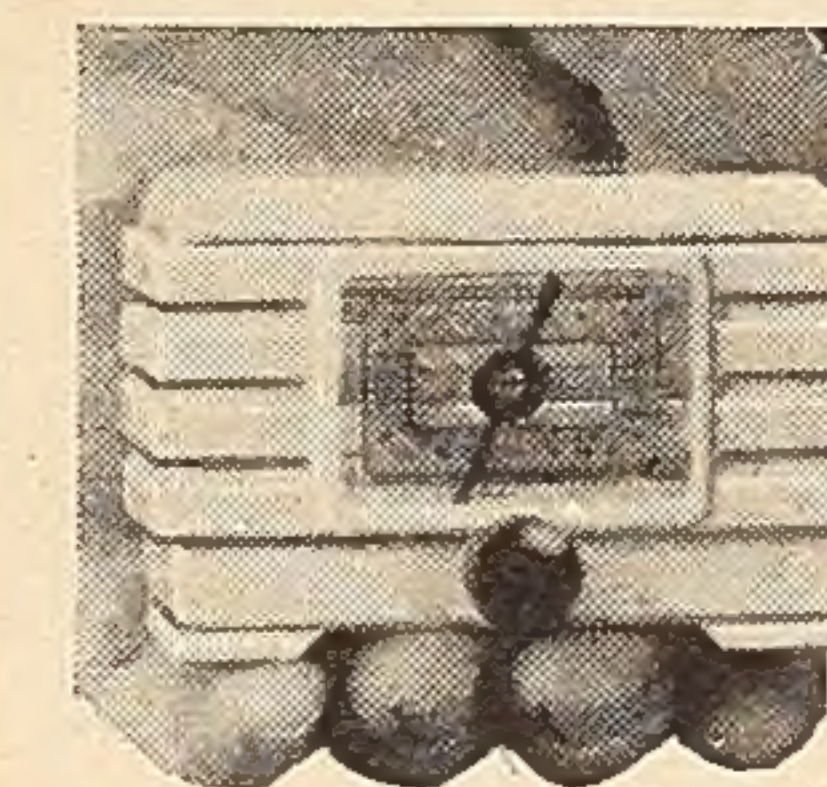
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Rooney in "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante." People can say Mickey's fresh and that he mugs and anything else they want to but, personally, I get a kick out of Mickey that no one else on the screen hands me. And I'll bet if some of his critics were seventeen and the biggest box office draw in pictures, they'd be a darned sight worse than Mickey is.

Anyhow, to get back to our mutton, Mickey has fallen in love with New York's No. 1 Glamour Girl—a society debutante—Daphne Fowler (*Diana Lewis, the new Mrs. William Powell*). He collects pictures of her. When his pal, George Breakstone, discovers the pictures and threatens to publish the story (*in the high school paper*) of Mickey's infatuation, all Mickey can say is that he and Diana are great friends—even in love with each other. George and Mickey's hometown sweetheart (*Ann Rutherford*) pooh-pooh the idea.

Then Judge Hardy (*Lewis Stone*) goes to New York when financial support for the local orphanage is withdrawn, taking his whole family with him. Finally, through the good offices of Judy Garland, Mickey meets his dream girl and has his picture taken with her by the news photographers. When the picture breaks you can imagine what a stir it creates in the old home town.

We pick up Ann and George in the "editorial rooms" of the high school "Olympian." "Oh, Beezy," Ann wails to George, "he did know that girl! What awful idiots we've been!"

"Cynthia Potter warned me," George confesses dolefully. "Andy kissed her the first time he took her out. I should'a known he isn't a man to trifle with—"

"Beezy!" Ann interjects suddenly, a new fear gripping her, "maybe he was secretly married to her all the time!" She looks up at the sound of the door opening and does a gigantic "takem" as there stands Mickey with Baby Shirley in his arms. "Andy," Ann gulps, "who—whose baby is that?"

"Miss Benedict," Andy replies easily, "it was to protect this innocent babe's future we went to New York."

"What???" Ann shrieks, aghast. And then she realizes. "Oh! The orphanage."

"Relax, my children," Mickey admonishes them. "But I trust that once and for all, the younger generation in this town has learned to respect its betters!"

"So Daphne Fowler was in love with you all the time," Ann surmises miserably.

"You saw our picture," Andy retorts nonchalantly. "Society's number one glamour girl and—" bowing modestly, "yours truly."

"Andy," Ann wails, beginning to choke up, "perhaps you are too mature for me."

"Don't cry, Polly," Mickey cries in genuine concern. "Please don't cry."

"When a girl starts crying," Ann sniffles between dry little sobs, "even if it's because she—likes you, and her nose gets shiny—I guess—she hasn't any glamour at all."

I guess I'm no different than a million other Americans but, somehow, these *Andy Hardy* pictures hit me where I live. They seem so down to earth and such a welcome relief from biographies and his-



Hedda Hopper and Robert Cummings still chuckling after premiere of "It's A Date," Deanna Durbin's comedy hit.

torical documents that aren't really authentic because veracity has been sacrificed for dramatic values.

* * *

RUEFULLY, I leave Mickey and Ann and proceed to Lot No. 3 where "20 Mule Team," starring Wallace Beery, is shooting. But when I get out there I find a faithful reproduction of an old mid-western mining town, Furnace Flat. The famous twenty mule team that used to haul the rocks of borax into town is standing in front of the paymaster's office. Beery is the driver. But when he gets into town he finds there's no pay, because the company is in financial straits.

"They been in there jawing since eight o'clock this morning," John Beck grumbles.

"Yeah, and they keep sayin' we gotta wait," Gardner James amends.

"Yeah?" Mr. Beery snarls (and he snarls because his credit has been cut off at the local bar), "well, I been waitin' two months for a glass o' beer. I want my money. It's the limit of human meekness!"

* * *

WELL, I been waitin' two months to get on the set of "Pride and Prejudice" and Mr. B's troubles with his pay check are not going to keep me from getting on that set today, so I leave him to work out his troubles as best he can. But when I get to "P & P" I find neither Laurence Olivier nor Greer Garson are working, so we'll have to postpone that picture yet another month. That leaves—

20th Century-Fox

TWO pictures shooting here—"Maryland" and "Rogue of the Rio Grande."

The first is a picture of steeplechase racing in Maryland. There isn't much novelty to the plot, but who cares about novelty when it's a horse racing picture. I defy anyone to sit through five or six reels of a horse picture and not get a lump in his throat when the filly you've watched grow from a colt comes charging down the stretch to win by a nose.

John Payne is the handsome hero, Brenda Joyce is the lovely heroine, Walter Brennan is the trainer and Fay Bainter is Payne's mother. Now if that's not a cast to conjure with! I start gabbing with Payne and Brenda.

"Don't you think I've pretty classy togs

to be the daughter of an impoverished horse trainer?" Brenda demands, strutting around in her peppermint striped dress.

Somehow, during the conversation with Payne, I mention the Roanoke Hotel which is a reproduction of an old English Inn and John modestly admits that that hotel, along with about half the town, belongs to his father's estate, of which he and his brother are the heirs!

I leave Mr. Payne, envying him not his stellar position, nor his wife (*the lovely Anne Shirley*), nor his wealth, but the Roanoke Hotel!

The other picture, "Rogue of the Rio Grande," is another of the *Cisco Kid* epics featuring Cesar Romero. This time Cesar and his henchman (*Chris-Pin Martin*) have got in a jam and they're registering at a hotel. Cesar demands the best room in the joint, only to be regretfully told by the clerk (*Syd Saylor*) that the best rooms are all taken—except the bridal suite. "Not," adds Syd hastily, eyeing the plump Mr. Martin, "that I'm suggesting you need it."

I chuckle over this sally, along with everyone else on the set, tell Cesar "good-bye" and head for—

Paramount

ONLY one picture going here, "Henry Aldrich." This is adapted from the radio serial of the same name. Jackie Cooper is playing Henry.

The Aldrich family is having a dinner party. In the midst of it, the colored maid comes in and says to Hedda Hopper (Mrs. Aldrich), "I know I shouldn't bother you, Mrs. Aldrich, but Mrs. Johnson (the washerwoman) wants to see you."

"Tell Mrs. Johnson to come back tomorrow," Hedda commands.

"I told her you were having a high-class party," the maid counters, "but she won't listen."

Just then a wisp of smoke comes into the room and several of the guests start coughing. The door from the kitchen bursts open and Mrs. Johnson, livid with rage, storms in. She flaunts one of Mr. Aldrich's shirts in his face. "Look at what Henry's soap done to my washing!" she shrieks. "It ain't soap at all. It's just plain, pure eatin' lye."

"Cleo, we'll talk about this some other time," Mr. Aldrich hedges.

"Yeah?" mocks Mrs. Cleo Johnson. "Jes wait'll you see yo' drawers!"

The smoke gets thicker and thicker and the guests, coughing away for dear life, rush out of the dining room, as Mr. Aldrich rushes to the stairs leading down to the basement and yells for Henry to come up and explain himself and his soap. But while Henry is trying to explain there is a terrific explosion. It seems his soap doesn't produce "the skin you love to touch."

"Hey, Dick—" Jackie begins as he catches sight of me.

"You keep away from me, you—you explosionist," I howl. "I still have next month's column to do."

And I leave Jackie and the coughing guests to get out of their dilemma as best they can while I go home to wait for this time next month to roll around. So long



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